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*Celebrities*

Off Parade

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*King Victor Emmanuel*

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT

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*Celebrities*  
Off Parade

PEN-AND-INK PORTRAIT SKETCHES BY  
DWIGHT C. STURGES



CHICAGO NEW YORK

*Willetts, Clark & Company*

1935



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A FEW OF the personages here included will be found mentioned in the author's earlier volumes, "In Quest of the Perfect Book" and "The Magic of the Book." Inasmuch as their previous appearance was wholly in relation to their approach to the Book, they have been retained in this collection, redrawn in their full stature as distinct personalities by themselves.

THE AUTHOR wishes to express his thanks and appreciation to the Editorial Board of the Christian Science Monitor for their permission to use in this volume a number of sketches which, in shorter form, appeared on the editorial page of that publication, and for their courtesy in permitting the reproduction herein of Mr. Sturges' drawings.

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## I · *The Academic Halo*

NATHANIEL S. SHALER ~ CHARLES WILLIAM ELIOT  
BARRETT WENDELL ~ WILLIAM JAMES ~  
CHARLES ELIOT NORTON

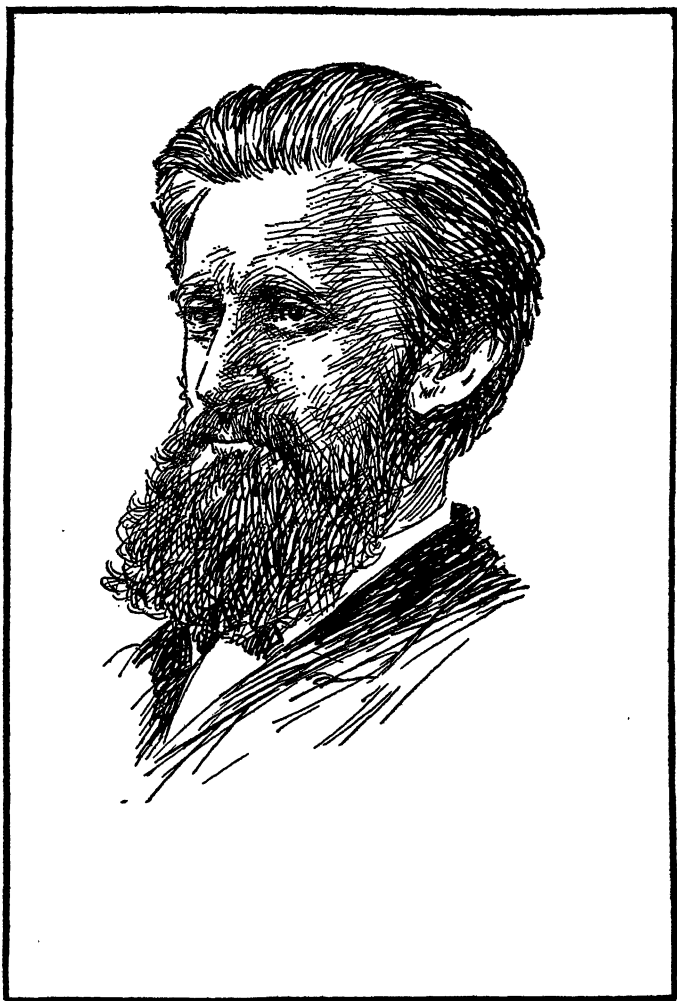
THE germ of the idea which has developed into this volume first came into existence over forty years ago. I was an undergraduate at Harvard University at that time, majoring in English, and had been thrilled to receive a commission from a prominent magazine to prepare an article on "Famous Men on Harvard's Faculty." Naturally, I took the assignment very seriously, and made a list of those who seemed to classify under this important head. There were such well known names as John Knowles Paine, dean of American composers; Nathaniel Shaler, eminent scientist; Francis J. Child, Shakespearian authority; LeBaron R. Briggs and Barrett Wendell, authors of repute; Edward Channing and Albert Bushnell Hart, famous historians; Frank W. Taussig, international economist; William James, Charles Eliot Norton, President Eliot —

As I contemplated the potential material my confidence in the success of my article grew. I arranged a careful schedule for interviewing my victims, and

the gracious acquiescence of the first two or three encouraged me. A dash of cold water came from Barrett Wendell's retort: "Famous men on Harvard's faculty?" he repeated after me, in the form of a question. "Dammit, there aren't any!" But still I plunged bravely on.

Then came a letter from Nathaniel Shaler, which, in itself, reveals the true greatness of the man, but which served to shatter my entire structure, and resulted in the abandonment of the proposed story. Shaler was a Southerner, full of enthusiasm not only for the subject he taught, but for life itself. His sympathies were broad, his understanding deep. He possessed that rare combination of being at the same time a prince of teachers and a prince of good fellows. Every one of the thousands of students who took his courses in geology looked upon him as a personal friend, receiving literally, even though unconsciously, priceless "sermons from stones."

"I make it a rule," Shaler wrote, "not to enter any formal protest against such publication of my manners and customs as that which you think of making. As the world goes, it seems to be inevitable, and any objections which I may have are sure to count for nothing. You may desist, but others will regard the dislike as in itself a mentionable fact. I venture to suggest to you, however, that there are certain objections to your plan which ought to be well weighed.



*Nathaniel S. Shaler*



"In the first place, you have to classify the men into two groups — those who are noteworthy and those who are not. This is a very difficult task, and it will, moreover, lead to certain heartburnings on the part of many who, however much they would dislike to be held up to notice, would be offended at being passed by as unimportant. Then you cannot paint men in a brief way without introducing the element of caricature. You have to depend upon a few salient features, and the result is sure to be offensive to the man, or, if he takes care not to read it, to his friends.

"You are at the beginning of your literary productivity, and it seems to me that it would be unwise for you to undertake a task which may lead you into difficulties of a serious sort.

"Last of all, a college is a family — or should be — a gathering protected by certain sanctities, and with the freedom which comes therefrom every slip of the sort you are planning to perpetuate tends to diminish the easy, friendly intercourse between the men who compose the society. Thus I have resolved hereafter to make my lectures more formal, for the reason that if I tell a story of an amusing nature, I am likely to find it garbled in some newspaper and attributed in an offensive manner to me. Now, I shall regret to suppress the element of fun which has helped me and my classes, and which is pardonable when taken with



the context of the occasion, but which appears gross when separated from it.

"Suppose you do me the favor to call on me, when I can perhaps make it rather clearer to you than my hand will permit me to do."

What Shaler wrote was so obvious that I was ashamed not to have realized its truth without the necessity of being told. I recalled the glee with which we undergraduates exchanged stories based on the personal eccentricities of our professors. We rarely discussed those sterling characteristics which made these men what they were. Those traits we recognized, respected, and took for granted; but the world outside the College Yard lacked this knowledge. Thus, to place emphasis upon even a harmless foible, without supplying its redeeming background, immediately turned it, as Shaler suggested, into a stinging barb.

By the same token, the public at large can have no notion of the real relations between Harvard and Yale men. From time immemorial partisans of both colleges have delighted to repeat stories intended as "roasts" on each other — yet graduates of no other universities possess such instinctive respect and affection each for the other. A moss-covered anecdote (quoted solely as an illustration) is typical of the Yale jibe on Harvard's alleged air of superiority:

A Yale man approaches a Harvard friend for ad-

vice. "I'm going to take my best girl to the big game," he tells him. "After that we'll have a cock-tail party, then dinner and the theatre. Now, don't you think that when I take her home, I might kiss her?"

The Harvard man goes into a brown study. At last he arrives at a conclusion. "Why, no," he answers after profound deliberation. "By that time I think you will have done quite enough for her."

The best Harvard-Yale story I know, of equal antiquity, gives the real situation disguised in a jester's cloak:

A man was the happy father of twin boys who so closely resembled each other that even their parents were unable to distinguish between them. When their preliminary education was completed, the father determined to simplify the situation by sending one boy to Harvard and the other to Yale. After they both were graduated, some one approached the father and said:

"All my life I have been trying to find out what the difference is between a Yale man and a Harvard man. At last I've discovered some one who can tell me."

"Well," the father replied; "you know what a job we always had telling which of those twins was which — and that was the reason we separated them when they went to college. Henry entered Harvard.

He did fairly well in his studies, he rowed on the crew, and he made the best clubs. George went to Yale. He was good enough in his studies, he made the football team, and was tapped for Skull and Bones. They turned Henry out a perfect Harvard gentleman, and George was a perfect Yale 'mucker.' You couldn't tell them apart before, and you can't tell them apart now."

Now, forty years after graduating from Harvard, I am fulfilling that magazine assignment — the field enlarged through happy circumstances far beyond the limits suggested by the academic halo. The intervening time has amply demonstrated the soundness of Shaler's position, and the unerring wisdom of his advice, not only as applied to the persons then being considered, but affecting with equal force the celebrities who are now included with them. Perspective is no less important than the power of understanding, and fullness of time alone can contribute that to the pen of any writer. There shall be no element of "caricature" which Shaler so dreaded. My subjects, in the informality of our meetings, have revealed certain characteristics I believe their biographers to have missed. My contacts with them have added much to my joy of living. These experiences I now desire to share.

There were two Charles William Eliots, and no one who did not know them both could possibly understand either one. The first personality was that with which I came in contact during my college years. We students regarded "Prexy" with the deepest respect, but considered him cold, priggish, and self-centered. We were ignorant of the countless favors he was forever unostentatiously doing for needy students; we were unaware of his various personal problems; we never took into account the fact that he was so near-sighted that he could scarcely see an arm's length in front of him. The college world is cruel in its casual judgments, and no man ever suffered more from misunderstandings than Charles William Eliot.

"Prexy's" lack of interest in athletic sports added to his unpopularity. The only exercise he had ever taken, outside of walking, was as a member of the first Harvard crew. Always the innovator, it was he who secured red silk handkerchiefs for the oarsmen to tie around their heads, from which incident crimson came to be adopted as the Harvard color. As for other sports, he simply knew nothing about them.

This gave rise to amusing stories in the College Yard: a member of the baseball team was put on probation because of his poor scholastic record. Eliot expressed great satisfaction that this made the young man ineligible to play on the nine. In some game, the

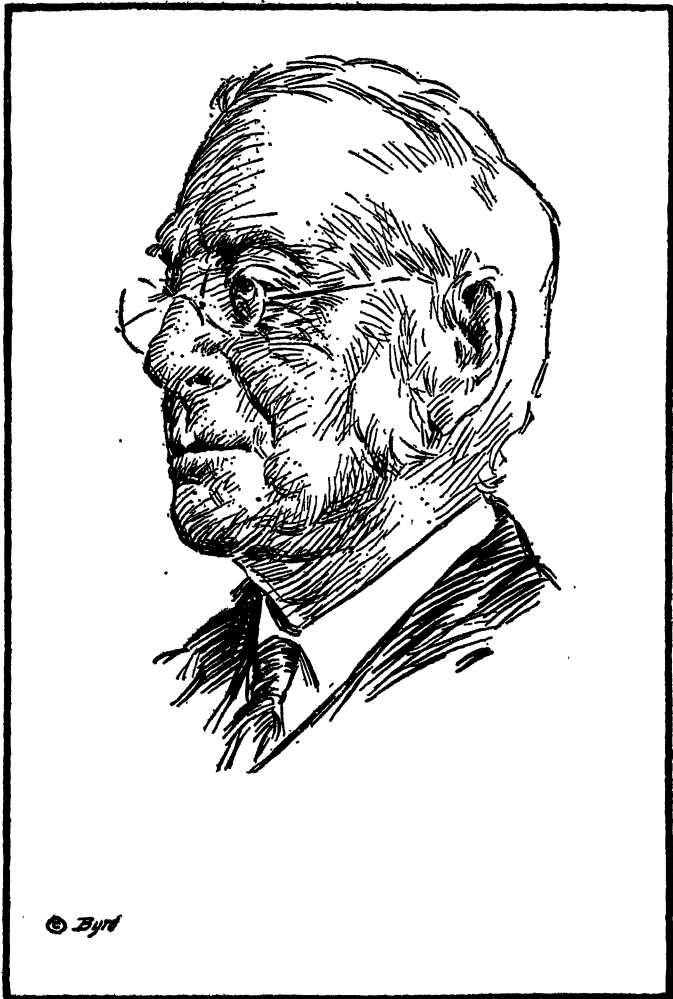
President explained, he had been guilty of "deception."

"Why," Eliot exclaimed reproachfully, "they boast of his making a feint to throw the ball in one direction and then he actually threw it in another."

President Eliot always maintained that the manly way to play football was to attack the strongest part of the opponent's line rather than the weakest. He objected when the Harvard crowd sang the familiar college song, "Three cheers for Harvard and down with Yale," suggesting:

"Why sing a song that is rude to our guests? How much better to make it, 'Three cheers for Harvard and one for Yale.'"

Another thing of which we undergraduates took no account was the extraordinary record Eliot had made during these years as an educational innovator. We all accepted the development of the professional schools, to which Eliot's observation in Europe had completely committed him, as a matter of fact, whereas their establishment was nothing less than revolutionary. Eliot broke all precedents when he selected James Barr Ames to teach at the Law School when Ames had never been engaged in legal practice. He appointed, as Dean of the Medical School, Dr. H. B. Bowditch, who was a physiologist who had never practiced medicine. Eliot insisted that by his action these schools became institutions for the teach-



*Charles William Eliot*



ing of law and medicine, instead of associations of practitioners conducted for the purpose of licensing men chiefly to go out and learn their professions at the expense of their clients or patients.

By the time I entered college, Eliot's wisdom, sagacity, and judgment were widely recognized; but this counted as nothing with us unfledged youngsters. Some one once said of him that he always listened with his mind rather than with his ears, but in accepting this analysis one must admit that our honored and respected President did lack the saving grace of tact.

My position on the Student Advisory Board and as captain of one of the athletic teams formed a natural contact, and gave me a better opportunity than came to most undergraduates to know Eliot intimately; yet to hold that privilege was to suffer with him over the existence of that apparently impenetrable wall his long years of being misunderstood had built around him. The pity of it was that he himself was so fully conscious of it.

"You are an acid," he once said feelingly to his cousin, Theodore Lyman, "because you make a cheerful effervescence when brought in contact with mental material as hard and cold as marble. I am an alkali, distinguished by the property of giving many people the blues."

I went to him frequently for counsel even in per-



sonal matters. He never failed me. The whole student body would have found him equally responsive to any one who ventured to break through the sensitive, defensive crust that had become his armor.

Then, with no apparent change in Eliot, the picture suddenly and unexpectedly altered. Curiously enough, the shift in undergraduate sentiment coincided with the celebration, in 1894, of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his election as President of the University. Was it because by this time Eliot had become adopted not only by America but by the world at large; was it because his opinions on all public questions were now invited and respected, and through his writing and his speeches his national influence had become largely extended? Who would dare attempt to explain the action of a composite undergraduate mind!

It was enough that for Eliot the uncomfortable and disconcerting experience of facing hostile audiences became a thing of the past. He was now greeted by cheers from the undergraduates when he appeared at public gatherings. The students now lifted their hats to him in the College Yard, and he responded with a cordial smile of assumed recognition even though through his dim vision he could but faintly see them. Eliot never admitted that he was conscious of the change, but there is no doubt that the affection now so generously displayed affected

his own attitude toward them and toward life in general. His whole approach to his daily responsibilities mellowed. At last, after all these years, he had become a social part of the university life.

The last time we exchanged greetings was almost immediately after the public exercises which commemorated his ninetieth birthday. His heart was overflowing with gratitude and appreciation for the countless tributes of devotion that came to him that day. We all feared that the strain would be too great; but that evening, while engaged in his usual game of dominoes with his wife, he looked up suddenly and said:

"I could hear everything that was said today except Frank Peabody's prayer."

Mrs. Eliot smiled and replied, "But that, my dear, was not addressed to you."

Barrett Wendell became Assistant Professor of English the year my Class entered Harvard, and as I specialized in his subject I came to know him intimately. His was a personality that required distance to gain the right perspective. His high-pitched voice, his explosive manner of speaking, the nervousness expressed in his every action, constituted mannerisms which attracted the attention of the thoughtless away from the sincere attempt made by the instructor to impart his knowledge. He took great de-

light in shocking his classes, both by what he said and in his manner of saying it; but no professor ever made his comments more directly hit the mark, unencumbered by thoughts, words, or expressions that might conceal his message or postpone its effectiveness.

While still in college I wrote my first book, a Colonial town history entitled "Good Old Dorchester." I used a few of the chapters from this book as themes in one of Mr. Wendell's courses. He thought the undertaking too pretentious for a young writer. I am frank to say that, after forty years' experience, I would not have the courage to attempt the project today. On the other hand, I had devoted a vast amount of time to securing the material, and, with the confidence of youth, refused to be diverted. When he realized my determination, Wendell waived every objection, and made suggestions that were invaluable in whipping my material into shape.

The history was published just before I graduated. Some kind divinity protected me in my temerity. The critics in the daily press, and in periodicals like the Nation, received the book with seriousness and approval. It was even adopted for secondary reading in the Harvard historical department. Mr. Wendell manifested a keen interest in its success, and when it passed into the second and third editions, he became quite excited.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "My book,



*Barrett Wendell*



'Rankell's Remains,' never ran through even a first edition. I think this was due to my selection of a title. Rather forbidding, isn't it? Yes, it was an unfortunate title."

Grays 18, Barrett Wendell's sanctum, was the scene of many comedies and tragedies. On one occasion I was summoned there with others for conference. When my turn came to sit in the "operating chair," I awaited the instructor's comments with considerable complacency, as my current theme had been returned with what seemed to me a most favorable criticism. I was prepared for compliments, but instead of that Mr. Wendell said:

"You must really turn over a new leaf in preparing your themes. In your last one the handwriting was so bad that I couldn't make head nor tail of it."

With an undergraduate's superiority I protested: "You must have confused my theme with some other, Mr. Wendell. You gave it high praise."

"Nothing of the kind!" he retorted explosively. "As a matter of fact I didn't read it all the way through —"

I was still unconvinced. "If you will let me run across the Yard to my room," I replied, "I will get the theme and show you just what you wrote."

Returning five minutes later, I laid the paper in question triumphantly upon his desk, and pointed to the red ink comment in his own handwriting at the top.

"There!" I said, with much satisfaction; "you have written 'Admirable.' upon it!"

"Not at all!" he exploded. "Can't you read? That word is 'Illegible'!"

Then the absurdity of the situation struck him, and we laughed heartily together. "Let's make an offensive and defensive alliance," he said. "At least we ought to be able to read each other's handwriting."

Barrett Wendell was fortunate in that the academic environment failed to act as a limitation. His teaching proved but an incentive to his own study, and each year that passed showed him exercising a greater influence in literature and on literature. His experiences in France during his sojourn there as lecturer at the Sorbonne greatly enlarged his horizon, and the thoroughness with which he studied conditions around him is disclosed in his published volume, "The France of Today." Ambassador Jusserand once said to me, in speaking of Wendell, that this volume was the truest picture of French life that has ever been written.

During this same period William James was professor of Psychology, and was spoken of as "the philosopher who turned psychologist." Going farther back in his life history, one might have added as descriptive epithets, "the physicist who turned anatomist," and "the anatomist who turned philos-

opher"; for William James was a full-fledged M.D. and an assistant professor in the Harvard Medical School before he settled down to his real life work. The appearance of his two-volume "Principles of Psychology," in 1890, placed him in the front rank of psychologists, and gave him world-wide recognition.

An amusing story that went the rounds of the Harvard Yard in my day was of the spirited argument that took place between a young son of William James and a playmate, the son of Professor Josiah Royce, regarding the relative greatness of their respective fathers:

"My father gives lectures," the Royce youngster declared proudly.

"So does mine," retorted young James, stoutly refusing to yield preëminence.

"My father has written a book."

"That's nothing. Mine has written lots of books."

"Well, anyhow," the Royce boy insisted, "my father has more brains than yours."

"No, he hasn't," the youthful James declared hotly. "My father has his own brains and a lot more in a bottle."

Thus was demonstrated William James' mental equipment!

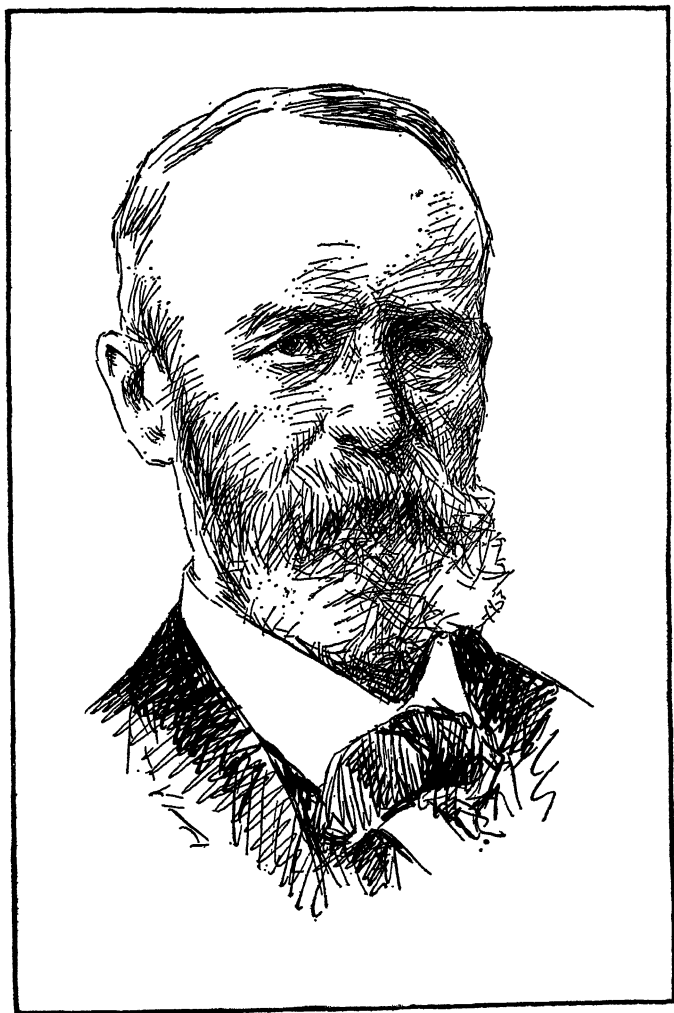
The fact that I passed on from my college life into the professions of writing and manufacturing books



gave me a continuing opportunity of more intimate contact with several of my college professors. Years later (1907), for instance, William James brought to me for manufacture his first so-called "popular" volume, "The Will to Believe," and from that time on I made, I think, all his books.

It is unusual to find an author sufficiently familiar with the mechanical details associated with the manufacture of a volume to be competent to make practical suggestions regarding its physical aspect; but William James was an exception. During one of our early conferences he confided to me that if he had not decided to adopt a scientific career, he would have become a printer. I have since then seen a letter he wrote to his mother in 1863 in which he makes the same statement, emphasizing his interest in "the honorable, honored, and productive business of printing."

In his own books William James insisted upon the use of paper labels instead of gold-stamped covers, and wisely reduced the number of words upon the title page to a minimum. He insisted upon absolute accuracy in proofreading before the galley strips were submitted to him, his favorite injunction being, "Follow the copy, even if it blows out of the window." Yet his stern criticism of any lapse of the proofreader was offset by his generous appreciation of constructive suggestion, or for attention called on the proof to slips in his own copy.



*William James*



In his writings William James brought new vigor and understanding to his subject, through the brilliancy displayed in his analogies and the much needed freshness of his unconventional approach. When, however, his famous book "Pragmatism" appeared, I found it a source of personal mortification. It so happened that at this time the Harpers had just published my third novel, the writing of which had required a careful study of the principles of humanism. With all this delving in a kindred subject, I flattered myself that I was at least in a better position to understand this new philosophy than the average reader — yet I found myself absolutely beyond my depth.

A few months later, a "popular" lecture by William James on Pragmatism was announced at Cambridge. I was determined to discover the explanation of my mental incapacity. Armed with pencil and notebook, I sat in the front row and listened to the professor's exposition of the subject along "popular" lines, becoming more and more hopelessly confused as the lecture proceeded. When the speaker concluded his address, I left the lecture room quite discouraged, walking slowly and thoughtfully across the College Yard to take the trolley car to Boston. On entering the car, I discovered William James seated at one end, and he motioned me to join him.

"I was surprised to see you at my lecture," he remarked jovially as he greeted me. "Don't you get enough of me in your office?"

Then I related to him the whole story of my futile attempts to add to my mental stature under his benevolent tutorship. His eyes twinkled as he listened.

"But you were actually taking notes," he exclaimed. "Surely you are carrying home some new grains of wisdom."

Silently I drew my notebook from my pocket, opened it to the first page, and handed it to him. There was but a single entry:

"Nothing is the only resultant of the one thing which is not."

James read the line, looked at me intently for a moment, and then laughed heartily.

"Did I really say that?" he asked. "But of course I must have. Well—that simply shows how we philosophers exercise our prerogative of concealing ourselves behind meaningless expressions."

Our friendship deepened later through our mutual affection for Horace Fletcher.<sup>1</sup> This engaging personality came into our lives at the same period, and, as was always the case with Fletcher, he served as catalytic agent in fusing in friendship those whom he himself accepted as friends.

Henry James once told me that his brother William "possessed all the humor that was allotted to the James family." I can easily believe it, having known the two men. Henry was very human when one suc-

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<sup>1</sup> See page 279.

ceeded in breaking through his artificial pose, but William's approach to life was that every day opened up a fresh opportunity for a new adventure, to which he looked forward with keen expectation. The recent public interest in the extraordinary home life in which the James brothers grew up, stimulated of course by the published life of their father and the journals of their sister, has been curiously long deferred.

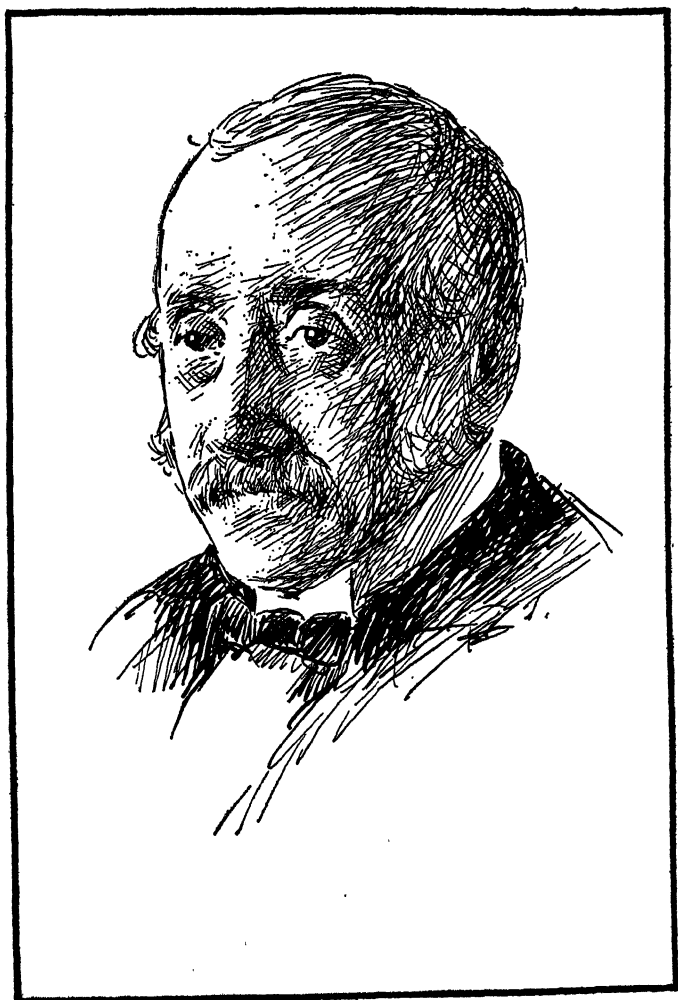
Whenever I hear a sophisticated college undergraduate express a complacent estimate of one of his professors, I am reminded of my own utter failure to understand Charles Eliot Norton while I was in college. I record it here in all humility as a shining illustration of Shaler's contention that the college world is a society quite apart from the world outside, and of the unfitness of youth to write of age. The citizens of the college world are untested youngsters, striving, in their first freedom, to act like men, yet wholly incompetent as yet to assess personal values. In my diary, covering my sophomore year, I discover these words, which I now find so much more revealing of myself than of my subject:

"Professor Norton, the artistic, the ideal, the appreciative! Or, to quote from Ruskin, 'the only *man* in America'! His first few lectures inspired me with awe. His curses upon all modern architecture make

me feel that my education has hitherto been sadly neglected. When he told us he would rather appreciate Art than eat a dinner, I looked upon him as a curiosity. At first I thought he wished he had been born an Egyptian, but now I clearly see my mistake — if he had only been born a Greek, ‘ the first of men who dared lift his eyes to Heaven, not bowed down by dread or superstition; the first not terrified by lightnings and thunders. Beyond the flaming walls of space and time he pushed and wandered through the universe with mind and soul! ’ I fear that I do not appreciate Professor Norton’s teachings, for I still am glad I am an American, and I still prefer a dinner to Art.”

During later years a lasting friendship held us closely together. I became a frequent visitor at Shady Hill, Norton’s home in Cambridge, and his collection of books, now a part of the Harvard Library, was almost as familiar to me as my own. Still unhappily conscious of what I had written in my student diary, I once ventured to ask him if perhaps his course in Fine Arts should not have been reserved for seniors rather than wasted upon lower classmen who were so likely not to comprehend.

“ Not wasted, I hope,” he corrected — with that smile which Ruskin described as “ the sweetest I ever saw on any face ”; “ it is the younger classman who really needs the idealism I tried to express more



*Charles Eliot Norton*





than the senior. You used to think me almost ridiculous, I have no doubt, in the extremes to which I went. That was because I knew that my class could follow me only to a certain point, and that the higher I aimed the nearer they would approach to what I had in mind."

From time to time I took interesting friends to share our companionship. When Dr. Guido Biagi,<sup>2</sup> the accomplished librarian of the Biblioteca Laurenziana of Florence, was my guest in Boston, we enjoyed a charming afternoon with Norton at Shady Hill. Biagi and our host found much in common, and I realized, in listening to their conversation, what an education really meant. The familiarity of each with literature, with history, with science, with art, with music, was based upon profound and exact knowledge, so lacking in the average man, who revels in half-truths. The varying comments and discussions of that afternoon, if put in lecture form, would have thrilled an audience, yet neither Biagi nor Norton was conscious that the conversation was in any way out of the ordinary.

Norton's knowledge was by no means limited to erudite subjects. On another occasion I took with me to Shady Hill Harry Irving, son of Sir Henry Irving. As a fellow-member of the Garrick Club in London, Irving had placed his leisure time at my disposal while

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<sup>2</sup> See page 86.

he was playing an engagement in Boston, and when I told him that I planned to take him to see Professor Norton, I was gratified to have his face light up with obvious anticipation.

"I was sure you would want to meet Professor Norton," I said — "he was such a close friend of your father."

"It isn't that," Irving corrected me bluntly. "I am frightfully keen to meet him because he is the only man now living who was present at the Parkman-Webster murder trial! "

When I recovered from my first shock, I recalled that Irving's great hobby was criminology. While in America he had been searching everywhere for data concerning this famous case, but without success. Now he was to meet the one man who could give him first-hand information.

The conversation this time between Professor Norton and our guest differed widely from what I had heard when Biagi was present. The subject must have been most distasteful to our host. Professor Parkman and Professor Webster had both been personal friends and associates. One had been murdered under shockingly distressing circumstances by the other. Norton had been an unhappy witness to the sordid details of the trial, which, after all these years, he had been only too glad to consider as forgotten. Yet Irving, sitting there in his library, was his guest,

and the son of a man he loved. The guest had made a request which was within his power to gratify. The host set aside his personal repugnance with charming graciousness, and, calling upon his extraordinary memory, drew a picture of the courtroom, of the leading personages, of the testimony, that held us spell-bound.

I am certain that Irving never for a moment realized how difficult it was for Professor Norton to comply with his request. When we left Shady Hill together, he said enthusiastically that the afternoon had been the most thrilling of his life. He also told me of his great desire to find a printed copy of the reporter's notes of the trial, but that thus far he had been unable to gratify it. Fortunately I discovered a copy in a second-hand bookstore before he left Boston. As soon as he returned to England he sent me an autographed copy of his own volume on "*Causes Célèbres*."

When, years later, after intensive research, I came back from Italy with my material for designing the Humanistic Type,<sup>8</sup> it was natural that I should take Professor Norton into my confidence. I could not have found a more sympathetic friend. The fact that I had discovered a period in the fifteenth century which he had overlooked, during which hand lettering had reached its highest point of perfection, appealed strongly to his imagination. The romance

<sup>8</sup> See page 98.

which surrounded the whole undertaking made the hours I had spent upon the designs of the various characters a fascinating personal experience — happier because in working them out I was able to share them with him.

Norton was right in claiming that it is the youth who need the idealism men such as he are able to express. Looking backward, I become well aware that even though I was not intellectually competent at the time to absorb his early teachings, yet my mind assimilated, without my comprehension, something which it later seized upon and developed to my great pleasure and advantage.

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## II · *With The Book As Host*

EUGENE FIELD ~ MARY BAKER EDDY ~ GEORGE  
BERNARD SHAW ~ THEODORE ROOSEVELT ~  
T. S. COBDEN-SANDERSON

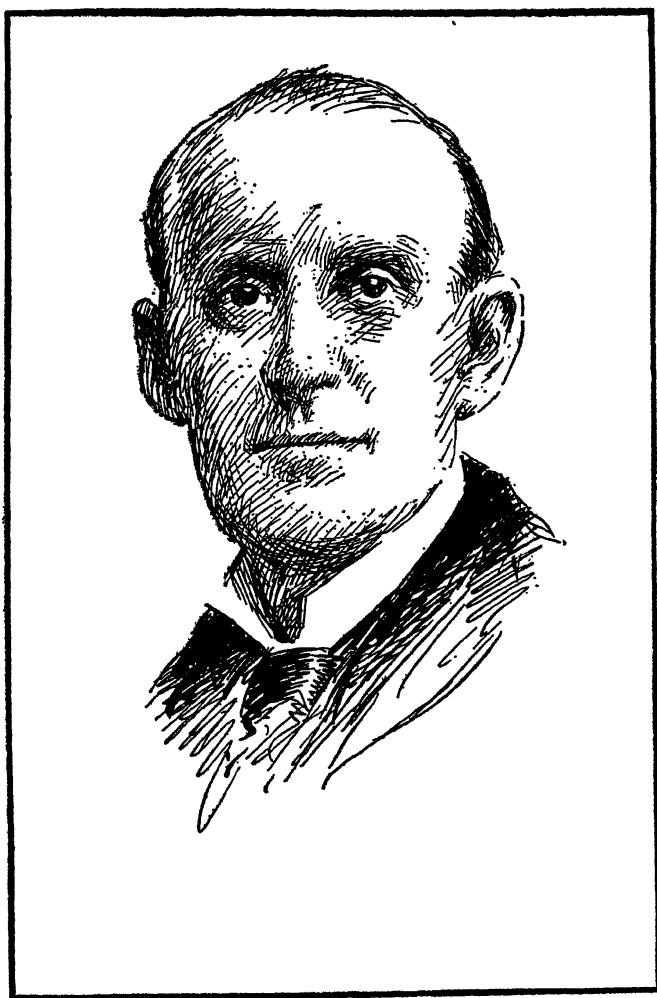
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IN 1891 I entered upon an apprenticeship to John Wilson, head of the famous University Press at Cambridge, Massachusetts, which continued side by side with my college work during my senior year. At the time I considered the experience merely as a preliminary business training for a life work still to be determined; but it was not difficult to stay on after taking my degree. The dignified old establishment was then full of romance and tradition. Established by Stephen Daye in 1639, it had come down to modern times in unbroken line. Here had been produced the first volumes printed in British North America, such as the "Bay Psalm Book" and the "Eliot Bible." Books were beginning to assume personalities with me, and a Press had become a creative agency instead of simply a "place where things were printed." Longfellow and James Russell Lowell no longer dropped in from day to day, as in former times, but their successors, some of whom became equally famous, still kept alive the practice of personal contact between

authors and the manufacturer of their books. I was always included in these conferences. John Wilson was eager for me to absorb his own great love for the profession of making books.

Eugene Field was the first strictly literary character whom I came thus to know. He was then on the threshold of his national reputation as a writer, through the publication by the Scribners of "A Little Book of Western Verse" and "A Little Book of Profitable Tales"; but his verses in the *Chicago Daily News* had already attracted to him a host of enthusiastic and influential friends. Stories of his irrepressible love of practical joking, his spontaneous wit, his ability to moisten the eye and touch the heart, stamped him as a personality one was glad to meet and know.

Both the volumes mentioned had been privately printed at the University Press three years earlier, through the financial support of loyal friends, and Scribner was now giving them the dignity of a New York imprint. Poetry, in those days, was a questionable literary commodity in the eyes of a publisher, and when Field's third volume, "A Second Book of Verse," was ready for the press, it became necessary for his friends again to stand back of the new venture. Among these friends was Francis Wilson, the actor, booklover, and collector. He wished this book to possess real typographic distinction, and



*Eugene Field*





a conference had been arranged with John Wilson to discuss the details. It was with no little anticipation that I looked forward to this meeting.

There was a striking difference in the personal appearance of the actor and the poet as they entered the office. Francis Wilson was immaculate in his cut-away coat, tall hat, and white spats, while Eugene Field's clothes, expressing his characteristic indifference to conventions, were ill-fitting and unpressed, unduly emphasizing his long legs and arms. He ambled rather than walked. His pallid face was as delicate in line as a woman's, yet possessed strength of character. His blue eyes glanced around the office with evident curiosity. His thin hands and tapering fingers clutched tightly the package of manuscript which was to form the basis of the coming conference. Field had taken no personal part in the manufacture of his earlier volumes, and I have always imagined that he was comparing his present surroundings with the Chicago newspaper offices with which he was intimately familiar.

As we passed into the private sanctum, John Wilson introduced me, explaining my presence by making reference to my neophyte stage in the art of making books.

"I'd like to change places with you," Francis Wilson exclaimed, grasping my hand cordially. "Under

such a master as John Wilson your journey in the Kingdom of Books will require no Baedeker."

Eugene Field was less effusive but no less cordial. "Evidently," he remarked with a dry chuckle, "the position of printer's devil in eastern book offices is quite different from what I am familiar with on western newspapers."

At that moment John Wilson was temporarily called from the room, and our two visitors devoted the intervening time to drawing me out regarding my undeveloped ideas on book-making.

"You should read all about Aldus Manutius," Francis Wilson counseled me; "he was the greatest printer of them all."

"But I have," I exclaimed eagerly. "I am studying about all the early master printers. I like what Aldus said about printing being the art that releases the great spirits from eternal bondage."

"There you are, 'Gene!" Francis Wilson exclaimed, turning to Field with a broad smile. "Do you feel your shackles falling off?"

Field chuckled. "There should be some way of putting those same shackles back on some of the dumb readers," he countered. "Listen to this: a friend of mine, the other night, had for a dinner companion a lady with whom he could find no common ground for conversation. At last he tried books. 'Have you

read the new story by James Lane Allen,' he asked, 'called "The Kentucky Cardinal"?'

"'No,' she replied; 'I am not interested in ecclesiastical biography.'

"My friend smiled at the retort, and said quietly, 'But this Kentucky Cardinal, my dear lady, was a bird.'

"'I don't doubt it at all,' his companion agreed. 'I am creditably informed that there are many very high flyers among the clergy.'"

While we were laughing at Field's story, John Wilson returned. Then the package of manuscript was opened, type sample books were produced, and the discussion was on. Field had definite ideas of the typographic effects he wished to secure, and it required some argument on the part of John Wilson, seconded by Francis Wilson, to convince the poet that technical book standards were quite different from those which obtained in newspaper offices. Then came a consideration of the paper and the binding. Field was not stubborn in contesting his points — in fact, I was particularly interested to note the keen pleasure he manifested as the mechanical plan of the volume unfolded, and he succeeded in grasping the underlying principles.

One of Eugene Field's habits was to preserve his manuscript copy by having it handsomely bound

when it had served its purpose with the printer. In the case of the "Second Book of Verse," an unbelievable coincidence occurred. After the publication of the volume, the "copy" was returned to Field, and as time went on the incident of our meeting remained simply as a happy memory of a delightful early experience in my business life. Years later, I formed a close friendship with Horace Fletcher,<sup>1</sup> who at one time loomed large in the public mind as the originator of "fletcherizing," and he, in turn, had for years been an intimate friend of Eugene Field. So devoted was Field, in fact, that in his will he bequeathed his small but choice library to Fletcher, who installed it in the Palazzo Saibante, his home on the Grand Canal in Venice.

Here, while visiting Fletcher, I enjoyed examining these personal copies of the Field books, and among them I discovered this bound volume of the manuscript copy of the "Second Book of Verse." Handing it to my host, I related my early association with it, and pointed out the pencil marks John Wilson had placed upon the various pages in my presence thirty years before. Perhaps this incident is at least in part responsible for the clause in Horace Fletcher's will which eventually placed the Eugene Field volumes in my possession. At all events, these copies, with the amusing interpolated freehand sketches and the im-

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<sup>1</sup> See page 279.

promptu revealing inscriptions, written in that fine, copper-plate hand of their author, give me a continuing picture of Eugene Field which recalls him in all his varying moods.

John Wilson was a great admirer and devoted friend of Mary Baker Eddy, and it was also through him that I had the good fortune to know this extraordinary woman. Mrs. Eddy brought her "Science and Health" to Mr. Wilson when it was a very slim volume. She impressed him with her sincerity, and he showed himself wholly sympathetic with her philosophy. Wisely, he put Mrs. Eddy in touch with James Henry Wiggin, who was still a proofreader in the University Press when I first went there, and Wiggin, exercising those practical functions then expected of a proofreader, advised the author as she brought her textbook along toward its consummate completion.

Mrs. Eddy never forgot Mr. Wilson's constructive coöperation, and I was permitted to share in the friendship which had developed. During the year following my experience with Eugene Field (1892), still, no doubt, with the idea of further impressing me with the dignity of the profession, Mr. Wilson frequently asked me to be his representative to discuss with Mrs. Eddy various details in connection with her publications.

I remember well my first visit to her at Pleasant View, Concord, New Hampshire — the unpretentious but lovely estate which she had recently acquired. I should have been prepared, through Mr. Wilson's frequent comments, for the personality I was to meet, but when a name has become associated with a great movement one instinctively and unconsciously surrounds it with unwarranted mysticism. Calvin Frye, her secretary, met me at the Concord station in the carriage which became so familiar to those who knew Mrs. Eddy at that time, and drove me to Pleasant View. Here I was shown into the study, and after a brief wait a slight, unassuming woman entered the room, giving me a smiling welcome which placed me completely at my ease. As my call was in no sense social, I discussed the various points with her, and started to take my departure.

"Don't go yet," Mrs. Eddy said graciously. "Your train doesn't leave for three-quarters of an hour. I want to talk with you."

As I seated myself, she drew her chair a little nearer.

"So you are to be John Wilson's successor at the University Press," she remarked. "That is a great future for a young man to look forward to."

There was an indefinable something about Mrs. Eddy which encouraged one to speak confidentially. With no hesitation I began to tell her something of my visions, which must have sounded very youthful



*Mary Baker Eddy*





and revolutionary in those days. Even then, as I had told Francis Wilson, I was a student of the work of the early master printers, and as a result of this study I had come to feel strongly that in America we were permitting our concentration upon mechanical excellence to crowd out the art which made of the fifteenth-century typographical masterpieces examples which have never been surpassed. The universal practice of the 1890's was to build a book as a series of contractual processes instead of treating it architecturally as the complete product of a single mind. I could not forget that during that earlier conference with Eugene Field and Francis Wilson, no emphasis had been laid on the importance of coördination between the selected type face, the arrangement of the printed page, the paper, the margins, and the binding, if the book was to serve as an harmonious vehicle for the thought the author wished to convey to his reader. With the confidence of youth, I confided to Mrs. Eddy that it was this coördination which I proposed to accomplish as my life work.

I remember the gratification I felt to have her listen so attentively, and that she took me so seriously.

"You can do it," she exclaimed with conviction. "Of course, type *is* the vehicle which conveys the message from the soul of the writer to the soul of the reader, and you are right in believing that the message

is delivered more directly when the vehicle is kept in harmony with the thought."

This confirmation of my partially crystallized idea did much to hold me steadfast in my determination, which, I may say in passing, required nearly twenty years to attain fruition. Mrs. Eddy and her Publication Agents, as the years went on, were always generous in accepting my suggestions for physical changes to be made in the *format* of "Science and Health" and her other volumes, thus giving me valuable practical support as well as personal approval.

After Mrs. Eddy moved to Chestnut Hill, near Boston, in 1908, I saw her less frequently, as by that time her business affairs were handled more completely by the Directors; but even so I was invited to the Chestnut Hill home several times for consultation. One of these occasions was in 1910, soon after I severed my relations with the University Press and associated myself with the Plimpton Press, at Norwood, Massachusetts. Because of the sympathy that had so long existed between John Wilson and herself, Mrs. Eddy had instructed her Publication Agent always to have her own writings manufactured by Mr. Wilson. After Mr. Wilson's death, and while I remained as head of the University Press, the question of successorship had not arisen; but now the Publication Agent required a statement from Mrs. Eddy as to whether the manufacture was to be left in Cam-

bridge or given to me in Norwood. She explained this to me when I called, upon her invitation.

"I have told my Publication Agent," she said, "that when John Wilson placed his mantle upon your shoulders, he himself made you his successor. My old friend put far more than type and printer's ink into the volumes he made, and the lessons you assimilated from him are what I always wish to have incorporated in my books." Then she asked, smiling, "Do you remember the conversation you and I had the first time you came to Pleasant View?"

Again, that same year, I called to talk with her about the proposed publication of her "Poems" in book form. She had kept copies of fugitive verse which she had written at intervals when certain incidents had influenced her to express herself in this particular form. Gathering these together, her intention at first had been to issue only 100 copies for distribution among her intimate friends. The Publication Agent turned the material over to me, suggesting that I prepare a "dummy" volume which would show her my recommendations for translating the poems into typographical form.

With Mrs. Eddy, I always presented a single, clearly defined suggestion. I never came in contact with any one who so completely knew what she wanted. My procedure, therefore, was always to study the matter in hand from what I thought was her

viewpoint, and then submit it for her consideration in definite form. In the case of the "Poems," I remembered her great fondness for pink roses, so I instructed my artist to design a cover which included these in the decoration. Then I set a few pages of the manuscript in a carefully chosen face of type, and bound the volume in vellum.

When I handed her the book her face lighted, and she exclaimed with obvious pleasure, "Oh, you've put my pink roses on my poems! I should have known that you would do just that! "

I still have, among my treasures, this actual "dummy," which she autographed, and in which she made several penciled changes in the text pages. Frequently I take it from the shelf, particularly after I have heard some one speak of Mrs. Eddy in the past tense. It never fails to recall to me a very living personage — but, curiously enough, my first reacting thought of Mrs. Eddy is not as the leader of a great religious movement, but rather as a very human woman, whose realness consisted in being always herself, and whose greatness came from her innate genius for understanding others.

Thus, and in other ways, John Wilson applied his uncanny Scotch psychology to make me subject to the lure with which the Book ensorcells those who come within its beneficent sphere. My temporary

“experience” under my genial mentor continued for five years, at which time, through an incredible series of circumstances, I found myself at twenty-six years of age the head of the University Press and John Wilson’s successor. Then I capitulated to the Book! I had come to know it as author, publisher, and manufacturer. My early infatuation for it had become a fixed obsession. Looking backwards, I find myself under deep obligations for the part it has played in my life.

Some one, back in the ages when books were books rather than best sellers, used the expression, “Books once were men.” That was in the good old times. Then an author wrote only when he had a message to convey, and people read, not as a result of publishers’ blurbs, but because they actually craved to receive the message the author had to give. The Book thus served to introduce a writer to his readers, because it was not merely an essay, a novel, or a mystery story — it was the author himself.

During a later and unregenerate epoch in literature, it has been my good fortune to have the Book graciously serve as host in presenting me to personages who have given messages to the world. In some cases a celebrity and I have met as fellow-writers; sometimes the meeting has come because an author’s brain-child had been placed in my hands to be given a proper typographical vehicle to convey it on its jour-

ney through life; sometimes I have coöperated in the rôle of publisher. In every case where the Book has stood as the central figure, it has exercised its agreeable personality in making its guests feel instantly at home through the congenial atmosphere it creates.

There are three personages with whom I was brought in contact directly through the physical side of the Book. One day in 1903 I received a telephone call from Harry Houghton, then head of Houghton Mifflin Company, which firm owned and operated the Riverside Press, in Cambridge, Massachusetts. He said, in effect, that an unknown British author had submitted a manuscript which their editor felt was too socialistic in its treatment to be acceptable. The author had requested, so the telephone message continued, that, if not desired for publication, Houghton Mifflin should arrange to have the manuscript put into type at the expense of the author, in order to obtain an American copyright.

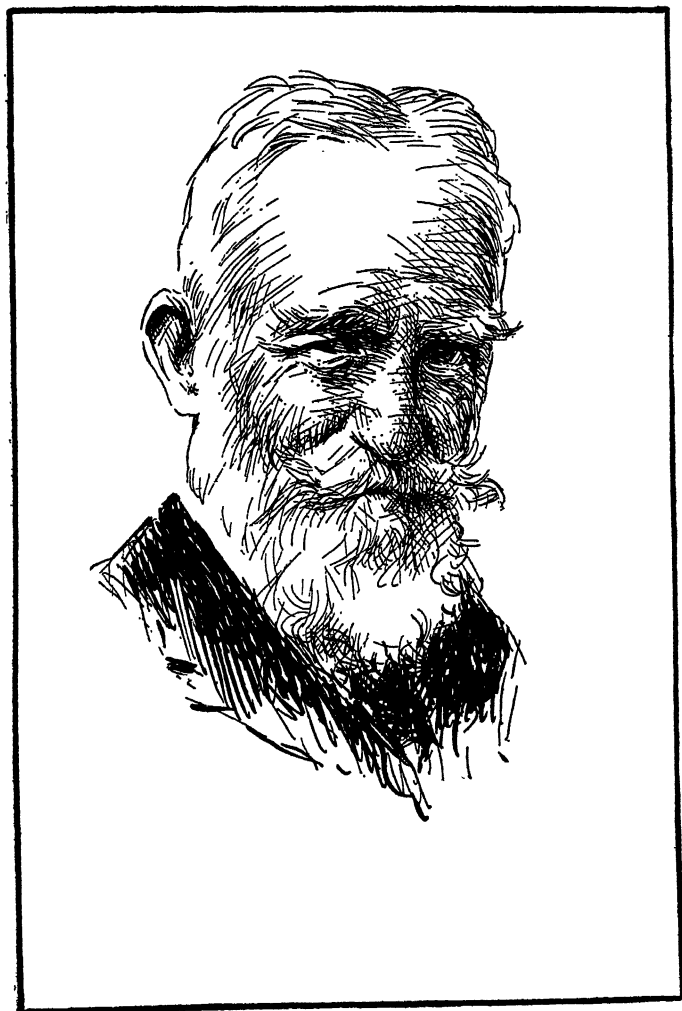
"We don't care to have anything to do with it," Harry Houghton stated flatly; "but before returning the manuscript I thought perhaps you might be interested."

"Who is the unknown author?" I inquired.

"It's a man named Shaw."

"What is the rest of his name?" I persisted.

"Wait a minute and I'll look it up."



*George Bernard Shaw*





Presently the information came: "His name is George Bernard Shaw. Did you ever hear of him?"

I smiled quietly to myself. I had recently returned from England, where I had become aware of the growing power of this new personality.

"Yes," I replied, with more indifference than I really felt. "I happened to lunch with this man Shaw in London a few weeks ago, as a fellow-guest of Cobden-Sanderson. I think I'll take a chance on him."

"All right," Houghton said. "Have your boy call for the manuscript at 4 Park Street."

Thus came into my hands the manuscript of "Man and Superman," and so I began my acquaintance with George Bernard Shaw. Our relations, almost wholly associated with his books, continued for several years to be a stimulating experience. The correspondence which accompanied each succeeding book covered the entire philosophy of printing. It was the same Shaw then which the world has since come to know, but my knowledge of him came a bit earlier. His ideas on typography, as on everything else, were not only clearly defined but absolutely set, and no amount of argument could move him. Of course these ideas were contrary to well-established usage, but they would not have been Shaw's were they otherwise.

In "Man and Superman" Shaw's instructions were to follow the printed Scotch-set copy "line for line."

This gave his American printer no opportunity to produce a page in keeping with his own typographical judgment. To complicate matters still more, the letters in American-cut type faces differ in width from those cut abroad. These physical limitations could not possibly be overcome without disregarding the author's implicit instructions, so I simply accepted the situation and did the best I could.


The letter Shaw sent back with the proof was a classic. Quotations have been made from it in another publication, but I publish it now in its entirety for the first time as a veritable human document:

"I send you by book post 'Man and Superman,' " he writes (28 August, 1903), "with the necessary corrections. I have made no attempt to deal with the apostrophes you introduced in 'don't,' 'you've,' etc., etc. But my own usage was carefully considered; and the inconsistencies were only apparent. For instance, Ive, youve, lets, thats are quite unmistakeable; but Ill, hell, shell, for I'll, he'll, she'll, are impossible without a phonetic alphabet to distinguish between long and short e. In such cases I retained the apostrophe: in all others I discarded it.

"Now you may ask me why I discarded it. Solely because it spoils the printing. If you print a Bible, you can make a handsome job of it, because there are no apostrophes and inverted commas to break up the letterpress with holes and dots. Until you force peo-

ple to have some consideration for a book as something to look at as well as something to read, you will never get rid of these senseless disfigurements that have destroyed all the old sense of beauty in printing.

“Whilst I am on this subject, let me beg you not to be offended if I tell you that whilst I am astonished at the way in which you have followed my proof sheets line by line, and grateful for the promptitude with which you have put the work through, the book, as you have produced it, is a perfectly shocking piece of printing — almost as bad as the work of the Roycroft Shop, which is the worst in the world. Dont be angry; just turn to p. 130. Look at the last ten lines. I have marked the blemishes. The enormous quads at the end of each sentence are bad enough; but when it comes to allowing two of these gaps to occur at the same point in two successive lines, it amounts to a misdemeanor. Now your compositor has actually put four of these gaps in a straight line down the page. Four! He ought to be boiled!

“If you look at one of the books printed by William Morris, the greatest printer of the XIX century, and one of the greatest printers of all the centuries, you will see that he occasionally puts in a little leaf ornament, like this , or something of the kind. Your Roycroft idiots, not understanding this, pepper such things all over their ‘art’ books, and generally manage to stick an extra large quad

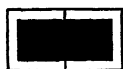
before each to show how little they understand about the business. Morris does not do this in his own books; he rewrites the sentence so as to make it justify without bringing a gap underneath another in the line above. But in printing other people's books, which he had no right to alter, he sometimes found it impossible to avoid this. Then, sooner than spoil the rich, even color of his block of letterpress by a big, white hole, he filled it up with a leaf.

"Now that is 99% of the secret of good printing. Dont have patches of white or trickling rivers of it trailing down the page like raindrops on a window. At the top of p. 131, I have marked these rivers. Are they not horrible? *White* is the enemy of the printer. *Black*, rich, fat, even, black, without grey patches, are, or should be, his pride. Leads and quads and displays of different kinds of type should be reserved for insurance prospectuses and advertisements of lost dogs.

"If your type were a genuine Caslon, like that of my Scotch printer, you might have followed him line for line without doing any worse than he has done. But your fount has narrower letters: eleven of them occupy the same space as ten of the Caslon; so that you have had to put 10% more white into every line than the Scotch printer; and that 10% is fatal. You should have saved 30 pages out of the Glasgow printer's 244. Of course he has not been able to live

up to William Morris (in fact he thinks me stark mad); but then he had the great disadvantage of having to suffer all the damage to his original setting made by my corrections.

"Now for the minor points. Your margins are very far from being those of the Mazarin Bible. Your top margin is a full inch — *much* too wide (perhaps your man made the mistake of measuring it from the running title up instead of from the top line of the text) — and the lower only  $1\frac{1}{4}$ ". The difference is only enough to make them look equal. Try  $\frac{1}{2}$ " for the top margin, ignoring the title and pagination and measuring from the top line of the text, and the top and bottom margins will come about right. The inner margins are monstrous —  $\frac{3}{4}$ " each, making a Broadway of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " down the middle of the book, so that it looks like two tombstones side by side. The rule here is simple: the book, when open, should look as if there were no division at all



instead of



The best looking margin would be from  $\frac{1}{4}$ " to  $\frac{3}{8}$ " — total Broadway  $\frac{1}{2}$ " to  $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

"On the title page you have only used two different founts of type. For that I bless you, as most printers would have used at least sixteen. But why two when one would have been so much better? I send you my Glasgow title page, and invite you to

note that there are no rivers in it (there is a Mississippi and a Missouri in yours), and that the measure of the publishers imprint has been contracted to avoid a big quad after the colon. See how nice and fat and black and solid it looks!

“I am only too painfully aware that when all is done that can be done, a play, with its broken lines of dialogue, its mixture of roman and italic, and its spaced out words for emphasis, can never enable a printer to do full justice to himself. But something can be done. You can hardly imagine how atrocious you could make that play look by simply leading the page and putting large initial capitals to the names of the speakers. We can at least make the best of a bad job.

“Tell the compositor that in spacing out letters for emphasizing the word, German fashion, he must be careful to make the space at the beginning and end of the word still wider than the spaces between the letters. It means more white, unhappily; but it cannot be helped.

“That, I think, is all. Do not dismiss it as not being ‘business’: I assure you I have a book which Morris gave me — a single copy — by selling which I could cover the whole cost of setting up the ‘Superman’; and its value is due *solely* to its having been manufactured in the way I advocate: there’s absolutely no other secret about it; and there is no reason

why you should not make yourself famous through all the ages by turning out editions of standard works on these lines whilst the Roycroft people are exhausting themselves in dirty felt end papers, sham Kelmscott capitals, leaf ornaments in quad sauce, and then wondering why nobody in Europe will pay twopence for a Roycroft book, whilst Kelmscott books and the Doves Press books of Morris's friends Walker and Cobden Sanderson fetch fancy prices before the ink is thoroughly dry.

"By the way, the Roycroft people may have learnt a little since I last saw their work. They once reprinted something of mine, with literary improvements by Mr. Elbert Hubbard. He sent me a copy; and I have seldom written a more candid letter than the one in which I acknowledged it. It ought to have taught him something; but I fear he is incorrigible.

"After this, I shall have to get you to print all my future books, so please have this treatise printed in letters of gold and preserved for future reference."

In spite of my shortcomings, I must have grown in Shaw's favor, for he became solicitous for me to meet Emery Walker, of the Doves Press, and Sidney Cockerell, at one time William Morris' secretary. "They both regard an American printer as a monster," Shaw admitted to me frankly; "but they are very amiable men. Approaching them, as you would, as a repentant prodigal, really desirous of spreading

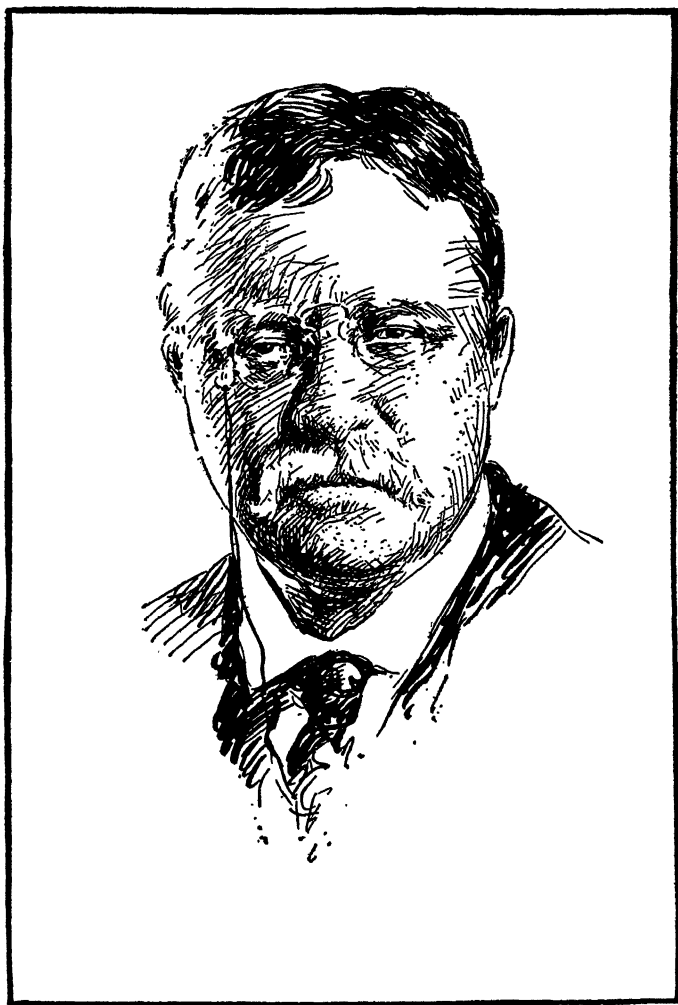


the light in Darkest America, you would find out from them all there was to find out about printing in the world."

Thus, when I receive a complimentary comment from some booklover on some typographic design of mine that has found favor, or when I discover the slightest trace of complacency creeping into my work, I get out my old notebooks and the Shaw correspondence, and, with due humility, put myself back into my proper place.

Theodore Roosevelt is another "celebrity" whom I met solely through the innate courtesy of the Book. I had always known that he was an omnivorous reader, and that, in spite of the rapidity with which he devoured a volume, his extraordinary memory always retained what he had assimilated. My first knowledge that he possessed any special interest in the physical side of books, however, came from a letter written by his secretary, perhaps a fortnight before one of the President's breezy visits to Boston, saying that Mr. Roosevelt would like to examine with me some of the special volumes I had designed. Such a request became a Royal, but agreeable command, and when he arrived at my sanctum, one January morning, I had my favorite examples arranged for his inspection.

When the President, wearing a heavy fur coat,



*Theodore Roosevelt*



burst in with characteristic vigor, he greeted me rather boisterously.

"Won't you lay aside your coat?" I suggested.

"Of course I will," he replied, suiting the action to the word; "it's just as easy to catch hot as it is to catch cold."

Then, glancing over at the long refectory table on which I had spread out the books, he exclaimed, "Now, what have you there to show me?"

He strode over to the table and ran his eye hastily over the volumes. The first one that attracted his attention was a small book of poems, entitled "Trophies of Heredia," which had been printed with meticulous care in a limited edition of 200 copies. I was surprised enough to learn that one of these had fallen into Mr. Roosevelt's hands.

"Hello, hello," he exclaimed, as he picked it up. "I didn't remember that you made this. Here—I want to show you something."

Turning the pages quickly, he pointed to a poem in which appeared the words,

*"The hidden warmth of the Polar Sea."*

"What do you think of that?" he demanded. "Did you ever think of the Polar Sea as being warm? I looked it up after reading that line, and found that the poet was right. By George, the Polar Sea is warm!"

How many men, living such a crowded life as his, could possibly have remembered such an incident as this!

I was amazed that he was intimately familiar with many of these volumes which I had spread out as exhibits. His comments upon the typography, as well as the text, kept me alert and on the defensive, but his interest was so genuine and his comments so intelligent and to the point that, even where we failed to agree, I was forced to admit that there are at least two sides to every question, whether applied to the writing or to the making of a book.

The visit lasted perhaps an hour, when Dr. William Sturgis Bigelow, who accompanied the President, reminded him that the allotted time was at an end.

"Why, I've only just begun," he protested impatiently; "but I suppose I'll have to go. There are some twins in Boston somewhere waiting for me to see them christened, and I mustn't disappoint them. How about continuing this at the White House some time? The next time you are in Washington we'll have lunch together."

So it was arranged, and a month later I took luncheon at the White House, with several interesting persons as fellow-guests. As we all passed formally into the dining room the President said quietly to me:

"Don't go when the others leave. I want to take you upstairs to my den."

When the luncheon party disbanded, I remained, and the President himself escorted me to the room on the next floor in which he kept his personal treasures. Here he fully demonstrated his reputation as an ideal host. Before we turned to the subject of books, he showed me several presents given him by various potentates—a revolver from Admiral Togo; a jade bear from the Tsar of Russia; some line drawings made personally by the Kaiser, showing surprising knowledge of the detail of every ship in the American Navy. When I commented upon this, the President smiled, grimly.

“That’s nothing,” he remarked, “to what that man really knows about us and every other nation. I have personal letters from him, locked up in my safe, which, if published, would bring on a world war. Thank God, I don’t have to leave them behind when I retire. That’s one prerogative the President has, at any rate.”

Then, changing the subject, he handed me an illuminated manuscript he had recently received as a present from King Menelik of Abyssinia.

“You are just the one to tell me about this,” he exclaimed. “Is it an original manuscript?”

The hand lettering was excellent; but in the decoration colors were used which could not possibly have been secured with the ancient pigments, and the parchment itself was clearly of modern manufacture.

To a student of the art of illumination it was obviously a copy rather than an original. The President so plainly hoped to receive an affirmative answer to his question that, to mark time, I inquired if perhaps some note of description had accompanied the manuscript which might throw light upon it.

"Oh, yes," he replied, showing by his manner that he sensed the significance of my question and was keenly disappointed. "There was such a missive as you suggest. It is now in the archives of the State Department. They sent me a translation of it, but it is just one of those banal expressions such as I myself use when I cable to one of my imperial brothers my relief over learning that his cousin, the lady with the ten names, has been safely delivered of a child! "

Our conversation turned upon taste in books, and he was amused by the anecdote I told him of a man who took much satisfaction in relating to a fair friend that the proprietor of a Fifth Avenue bookshop, in New York, reported mystery stories most in demand, while biography was the popular subject in a store located near Wall Street.

"That is easily explained," the lady replied, imperturbably. "The husbands buy books to take home to their wives, and the wives select those which they think will interest their husbands."

Suddenly, as we were talking, the President glanced at the clock.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I have an appointment to play tennis with Jusserand — and I'm late." Murmuring excuses, he rushed off. There is more to this story, which I shall relate in another chapter.<sup>2</sup>

We met on several subsequent occasions, both during his Presidency and afterward. Contact with him always proved highly stimulating, and I looked forward with keen anticipation to the opportunities as they presented themselves. Few men, who depend upon the contents of books as the source of their dynamic force of speech and action, possess Theodore Roosevelt's knowledge and appreciation of the physical appearance of the Book itself.

In speaking of my first meeting with Bernard Shaw, I referred to T. J. Cobden-Sanderson, who, as a co-founder of the famous Doves Press, in London, has been generally regarded, especially in America, as the successor of William Morris in the field of artistic bookmaking. I am including him in this chapter as our acquaintance came solely from our joint association with the physical side of books.

Cobden-Sanderson was a slight man with stooping shoulders, his red beard tinged with grey. His manner was reserved and shy — essentially that of a dreamer; yet he possessed an unyielding will. He was so painfully absent-minded that, on one occasion, when I

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<sup>2</sup> See page 207.



invited him to dine with me at my hotel in London, he arrived the evening before, and was so mortified by his mistake that he failed to keep the appointment on the following evening.

While serving as the first president of the Society of Printers in Boston, in 1908, I invited Cobden-Sanderson to visit America for a series of lectures, in order to give American booklovers an opportunity of becoming more familiar with the work of the Doves Press. This invitation he accepted, and I saw much of him during his stay in Boston. Seated late one evening in my library, after one of his lectures at Harvard, he startled me by exclaiming:

"I am the veriest impostor who ever came to your shores! "

I was shocked by the bitterness with which he spoke and by the seeming absurdity of the charge he made against himself. When I pressed him to explain his extraordinary statement, he threw out his arms in a gesture of despair.

"I am taken everywhere to see the great collections of books," he exclaimed. "I am expected to know all about them, to wax enthusiastic over them. But I know nothing about them, and I care less."

My idol was crumbling! I was too stunned to do other than listen as he continued: "It is my own work that interests me. When I have a message to give, it comes out through my finger tips. I find the medium



*T. S. Cobden-Sanderson*



of expression in the tools I use in binding a book, just as some other artist finds it in a brush against a canvas, or in a chisel against a piece of marble."

When the opportunity came later to know him better, and I became more familiar with the intimate history of the Doves Press, the apparent egotism was translated into a straightforward statement of facts. Cobden-Sanderson's admirers, myself included, had placed a halo over his head to which he had no possible claim. He was welcomed everywhere as the genius of the famous Doves Press. His immortal essay on "The Ideal Book" had given us the impression that he was a master printer as well as a master binder. Nothing could have been farther from the facts. Cobden-Sanderson was co-founder and a partner in the Doves Press, but from the beginning Emery Walker's had been the guiding hand. My guest realized that he had been receiving credit beyond his own work, but found it absolutely impossible to escape from it.

During my visit to London the same year, I unraveled what had so completely mystified me in this whole experience. Cobden-Sanderson's paradoxical personality was a vital link in the chain. The first forty-four years of his life, during which period he worked assiduously, had led him nowhere. At seventeen, he was apprenticed to an engineer; he studied at Cambridge for the Church; at Trinity, he sought

mathematical honors; for seven years he studied literature; he embraced and discarded medicine; he was admitted to the Bar, but did not practice; he became a manual laborer — and from this he found his way, acting on a chance suggestion of Mrs. William Morris, to the binding of books. Here this dreamer discovered at last the medium through which to express his message to the world. In five years he restored the ornamentation of books to its proper level, proved himself the greatest master of gold-tooling England has ever had, and became recognized as the foremost bookbinder of modern times.

“I despaired of knowledge in a philosophical sense,” he told me, “yet I yearned to do or to make something. This was the basic idea of my life. It was gradually revealed to me that the arts and crafts of life might be employed to make society a work of art and beautiful as a whole, and in all its parts.”

This, of course, was the influence of William Morris' life and writings on a peculiarly receptive spirit. The binding of a book was to Cobden-Sanderson the most beautiful part of it, and thus he was quite content to leave the mechanical manufacturing details to Emery Walker. In fact, Cobden-Sanderson had never even seen a printing press in operation when he formed his Doves Press partnership.

Yet, in spite of his vaunted interest only in his own work, this dreamer was the author of the most mas-

terly idealistic essay in existence upon the physical aspect of the Book! I had always craved a copy, printed in the beautiful Doves type Emery Walker designed, and bound by the master binder — but its price was beyond my reach. After Cobden-Sanderson left my library that eventful evening, I found resting upon my desk his own copy of “The Ideal Book,” inscribed to me. I cherish it as a souvenir of my paradoxical reactions to an extraordinary man.

The soundness of the presentation of his subject, his artistic understanding of the significance of type as a vehicle of thought, his assessing appreciation of the importance of each portion of the book in its relation to the whole, as revealed in that volume, fully justify the judgment of the world in giving credit for practical knowledge to a theoretical idealist, who expressed the basic principles he assimilated from his associates better than they could themselves. But it was as a master binder that he revealed the personal message from his soul.

“Books once were men!” This single essay of a dozen pages *is* Cobden-Sanderson. The two-volume “Journals,” published shortly after his death, obscure rather than portray.

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### III · *Italian Dividends*

GUIDO BIAGI ~ POPE PIUS XI ~ MAURICE HEWLETT  
~ THOMAS NELSON PAGE ~ WILLIAM DEAN  
HOWELLS ~ KING VICTOR EMMANUEL

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WHEN last I crossed the boundary line and found myself within the limits of old Florence, I impulsively exclaimed to my companion:

“This is the only city in the world which, as I enter it, yields as great a thrill as that I felt on my first visit.”

Later, happily installed with friends who were occupying the lovely Villa Buoninsegni at Fiesole, the remark came into my mind in the form of a question: why should Florence stand out so conspicuously in my affection when such fascinating memories cluster about other Italian cities? Then came the answer: it was in Florence that I first met Guido Biagi; it was he who first interpreted to me the rare significance of Italy. Florence was Biagi, even as Biagi had been Florence, and because of this, the “city of flowers” will always represent those friendly attributes I associate with my memory of him.

In Italy, Biagi is included among those great men who, in modern times, have contributed of them-

selves to give their country its place in the sun; on the Continent his name ranks high as a "celebrity." In America he is not so well known; but ask a librarian or a Dante scholar, mention his name to any student of Italian history, and the response will show the position that Biagi holds. Had the Italian Government permitted him to relinquish his official responsibilities long enough to accept an invitation to deliver a Lowell Institute course in Boston, to be followed by lectures in various other American cities, his influence here would have been felt as immeasurably as it has been in other parts of the world.

Biagi spoke beautiful English — far more correct than that usually heard among even cultivated Americans, but sometimes an expression crept into his conversation which emphasized how far we have departed from the original derivation in our use of certain words. During the summer following the Lowell Institute invitation, I visited Biagi at his home at Castiglioncello. One morning, after breakfasting with him in his luxuriant garden, overlooking the lovely Gulf of Leghorn, I happened to ask if he had ever written Dr. Herbert Putnam, our accomplished Librarian of Congress, in acknowledgment of the successful efforts to secure the invitation from the Lowell trustees.

"Why, no," Biagi replied seriously; "I did not realize that it was he who was responsible. I will write



a letter at once. Will you glance it over before I mail it? I should not like to have a mistake in what I send Doctor Putnam."

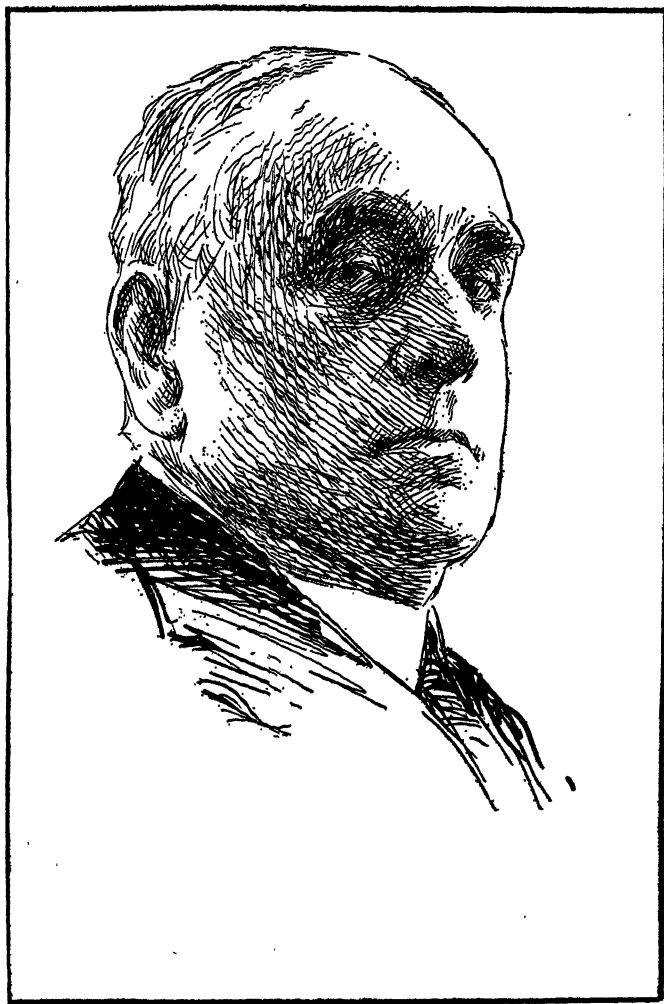
A few hours later he placed the letter in my hands.

"*My dear Dr. Putnam,*" it began. "Mr. Orcutt has just informed me of your kindly interference in my affairs —"

I did not have the heart to change it! From its derivation, *interference* was exactly the word to use. I am sure Doctor Putnam enjoyed the letter all the more because it went to him in its original form.

As I look back over these thirty years I realize gratefully how many doors Guido Biagi unlocked for me, how many alluring bypaths he pointed out. From his example I came to look upon each new day as an invitation to a new adventure. Through his influence I became absorbed in subjects which before had seemed apart from my every-day life. By this enlargement of my horizon he unconsciously prepared me to meet interesting personages upon their own ground, and to form new and valued friendships.

Through Biagi I came to understand for the first time the tremendous influence of Petrarch and Boccaccio on the humanities, and this new knowledge explained much which had previously seemed confused. "The humanist, whether ancient or modern," he would insist, "is one who holds himself open to receive truth, unprejudiced as to its source, and —"



*Guido Biagi*



what is so vitally important — after receiving truth realizes his obligation to the world to give it out again, made richer by his personal interpretation.”

What religion is based upon a sounder creed? What better text can a man take to guide him in his association with his fellow-men?

In 1901, when I first met Biagi, he was the head of the Laurentian Library in Florence, and the official custodian of the Medici, the Michelangelo, and the da Vinci archives. While I had letters to him, that earliest meeting was purely accidental. I had gone to Florence for the express purpose of studying in the Laurenziana, but before presenting my credentials I wished to familiarize myself with the building itself, and to know at least as much about the exhibits as a casual tourist.

I have always been grateful that by mistake I entered by the wrong door. This entrance took me directly into the old church of San Lorenzo, the majestic quiet and peace of which created exactly the right atmosphere to prepare me for the Library and its treasures. I passed by the bronze pulpit from which Savonarola launched his diatribes against the tyranny of the Government. I walked through the Old Sacristy into the New Sacristy, where I found myself face to face with Michelangelo's marvelous monuments "Day and Night" and "Dawn and Twilight"

— then on to the Martelli Chapel, from which I stepped out into the fresh air of the cloister.

Here is where a visitor to the Laurenziana is expected to start, taking the old stone staircase which leads directly to the famous vestibule of the Library. Michelangelo planned this as a part of his general design, the stairs of which were conceived by that great artist from experiments made with series of oval wooden boxes. At the top of the steps was the doorway to the great hall, which I entered, passing between those carved reading desks, centuries-old, to which the precious volumes are still securely chained.

Seated at one of these *plutei*, with his attention intently concentrated upon a magnificent illuminated volume, was a man of striking appearance. I quietly asked the attendant if he knew who the man was. He smiled indulgently:

“That, *signore*, is the *direttore* himself.”

It was thus we met — thus that we began a thirty years' friendship.

Biagi was born in the Medicean atmosphere, and could never have been happy in any other. “My earliest memory,” he once told me, “is peeping out from the back windows of the Palazzo dei della Vacca, where I was born, behind the bells of San Lorenzo, at the campanile of the ancient church and at the Chapel of the Medici. The Medici coat-of-arms

was as familiar to me as my father's face, and possessed for me so great a fascination that I never rested until I became the Medicean librarian."

That was the longest statement I ever heard him make concerning himself.

Biagi secured my election to the Florentine chapter of the Dante Society. After we attended a meeting together, he would reveal the great poet to me in such an intimate way that Dante assumed a living reality. My companion would speak of him as simply as if discussing the work of one friend with another. When Biagi and I were together at the Laurenziana, he would place in my hands Michelangelo's autograph letters — written to friends, workmen in the quarries, to kings and to poets, and then he would enlarge upon and explain the significance of what the sculptor wrote. He allotted me a cell-like alcove at the library in which to work, and brought to me there, from time to time, for study, magnificent volumes illuminated by Lorenzo Monaco, master of Fra Angelico; by Benozzo Gozzali, whose frescoes are still the pride of the Riccardi Palace; by Gherardo, Giulio Clovio, and del Chericho.

And while I gazed, absorbed by the gorgeous splendor of the pages, Biagi would also explain the significance of these exotic *objets d'art*. Back in the Middle Ages, he pointed out, people of wealth expressed their love of the beautiful by introducing

beauty into everything with which they came in contact. Books, not yet made common by the printing press, were an integral part of their daily life, considered not as combinations of paper, presswork, and binding, but each as the shrine of a thought; and a thought was assessed as the most precious thing in the world. What more natural than for these true connoisseurs of living to provide such thoughts with appropriate vehicles — the letters written out one by one on expensive parchment; the pages enriched by exquisite miniatures and sumptuous decorations in gold and colors; the leaves protected by magnificent bindings of solid gold or silver, into which precious jewels were often set?

Our study together was relieved by frequent excursions — to Vallombrosa, to Siena, to Pisa, to Perugia, to Rome. Beyond showing me the usual points of interest, he introduced me to out-of-the-way restaurants, of which travelers are unaware, but where the food was exclusively Italian — *scampi*, deliciously cooked in olive oil; *octopi*, whose tender tentacles are much more inviting than their hideous bodies; macaroni, in divers new forms and flavors; and Lodigiano cheese.

Biagi was full of anecdotes on such occasions. At Pisa, for instance, he told me of a stout woman in a Cook's party, standing before the Leaning Tower, listening to the oration of the guide. As the group

turned to pass on to the next attraction, a slight little woman plucked the sleeve of her stout companion, and inquired timidly, "Did he say what made the tower lean?"

"No," the stout one replied brusquely. "If he had, I'd take some of it myself."

Biagi was always planning for me to meet people in whose acquaintance he knew I would find pleasure. One time it would be the famous senator-author, Pompeo Molmenti; at another, Leo Olschi, the international rare-book dealer, in his princely library at Florence; again, Pasquale Villari, the historian. Wherever Biagi went, he was greeted not only with deep respect, but with genuine affection. This was especially noticeable among the staff at the Library. Late one afternoon, returning to Florence from Siena, a light rain was falling as the train pulled into the station. On the platform we found waiting the tall, thin, bearded figure of Marinelli, the chief clerk at the Laurenziana. In his hands he held a pair of rubbers, an umbrella, and a muffler.

"Lest the *direttore* catch cold," he explained as if by way of apology, as, to make doubly sure, he produced a bottle of Biagi's favorite cough mixture from his pocket.

Biagi's one American experience was as Royal representative of his Government to the St. Louis Exposition. Later he visited me in Boston, which gave



me the privilege of reciprocating in part his countless efforts on my behalf. We went together to the Harvard Library. Here William C. Lane, the librarian, eager to impress his distinguished visitor, proudly produced from the Treasure Room an autograph letter.

"This is by Lorenzo de' Medici," Mr. Lane remarked complacently. "Fortunately, you do not possess all of *Il Magnifico's* writings in your own library."

"So?" Biagi inquired amiably as he took the letter in his hand and glanced at it. "But this is not in Lorenzo's handwriting," he exclaimed. "Frequently, like your busy men of affairs, he would have a secretary write a letter for him, and even add the signature. See —"

He took out his long pocket book and extracted a folded paper, colored by age, but with the characters of the handwritten words still clear and distinct —

"I happen to have one of Lorenzo's letters with me. Compare it — you will see that it is not the same hand at all." Then, noting Mr. Lane's discomfiture, he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "Don't repeat what I have told you. Was it not your Emerson who so wisely said, 'Man's greatest asset is the imbecility of those around him'?"

I took Biagi to see Charles Eliot Norton, of which meeting I have spoken in another chapter.<sup>1</sup> We heard

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<sup>1</sup> See page 41.

the Boston Symphony Orchestra, we visited Mrs. "Jack" Gardner's Museum at Fenway Court. Biagi needed no program to recognize the standard musical works, no catalogue to indicate the masterpieces of art. His intimacy with music and with painting was as deep as with books, which represented his *métier*. When I commented on his consummate knowledge on practically every subject, he seemed surprised. "Of course," he acknowledged frankly; "otherwise I should feel ashamed."

Thus he proved himself at all times a natural exponent of his creed by actually living it. He was the ideal modern humanist.

The most far-reaching adventure we had together came about in a curious way. One day we were discussing the opposition to the invention of printing shown by such patrons of art as Lorenzo de' Medici and the Duke of Urbino. My earlier reaction had been surprise, as it seemed to me that these were the very people who should have welcomed this medium as a potent aid in education. By that I disclosed my ignorance. The last thing in the world these princely houses wished to encourage was the education of the masses. The continuing power of the few over the many would be jeopardized if the people learned argument through reading.

But the people in Italy in those days refused to allow a fifteenth-century brain trust to do their thinking

for them. The demand for opportunity to learn became more and more insistent. As a last resort, just to show what miserable things these printed books were compared with those written by hand, the patrons gave unprecedented orders to the scribes and illuminators to produce sumptuous manuscript volumes. This stimulated the scribes to develop the art of hand lettering to the highest point of perfection ever attained, but failed to prevent the printed book from coming into its own. The people wanted books, and they got them — with results even more calamitous to the great patrons than had been foreseen.

The handwritten volumes produced during this period are known as the “humanistic” manuscripts, and the two libraries possessing the greatest number of examples are the Laurenziana in Florence and the Ambrosiana in Milan. Biagi showed me the best volumes in his keeping, and, as I studied them, I was seized with a real idea:

“Why is it,” I demanded, “that existing type designs have all been based upon earlier and inferior models of hand lettering, while type designers have overlooked these masterpieces of the scribe’s art?”

Biagi shrugged his shoulders. “This, my friend,” he answered, smiling, “is your opportunity.”

It was an opportunity which I promptly and enthusiastically embraced. When I had exhausted the resources of the Laurenziana, Biagi suggested that I

go on to Milan, to continue my study at the Ambrosiana. Always making it easy for me, he gave me a letter to his friend, Monsignor Ceriani, the librarian there, which proved an open sesame.

Monsignor Ceriani was most sympathetic with my desire to translate this beautiful hand letter into a type face, and he offered me every assistance. Sensing my appreciation of kindred effort, he told me of an undertaking then in progress at the Library to reproduce in facsimile the priceless Ambrosiana "Iliad" — in order that students throughout the world might have opportunity to become familiar with this treasured relic. The supervision of the actual work, he explained, was in the hands of his assistant, who, he assured me, would be as interested as he in my personal adventure. Before taking me to him, Ceriani showed me a manuscript leaf of the Introduction he was preparing for the publication.

"This is in Latin," I exclaimed, having expected to find it written in Italian.

"Yes, my son," Ceriani replied, smiling indulgently. "I am writing my introduction in Latin which, though now considered a dead language, will be living long after the present living languages are dead."

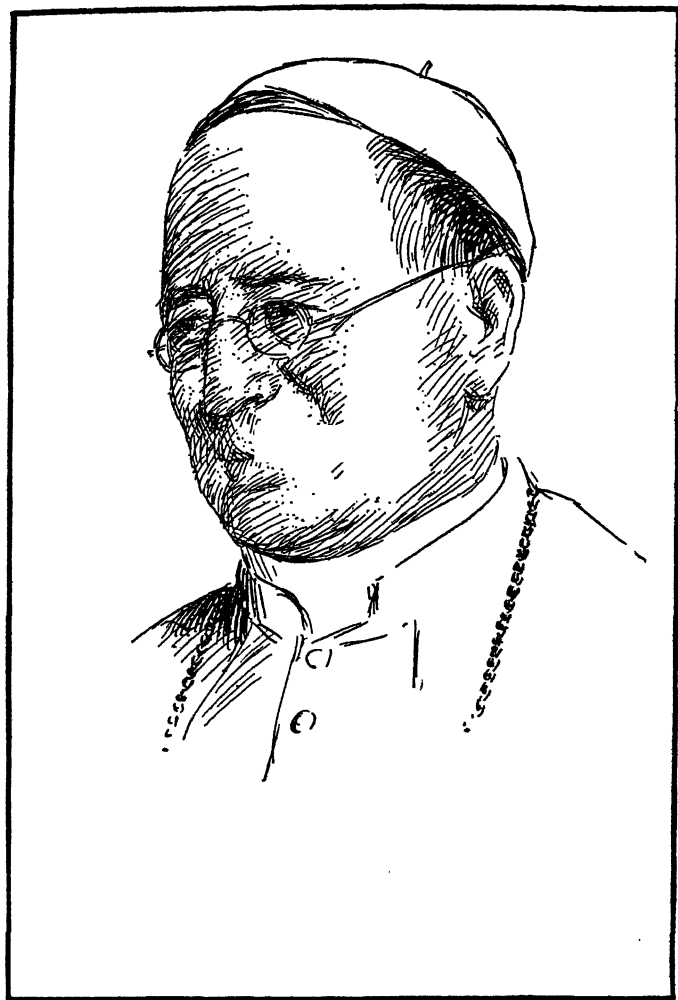
Then he guided me to the small, cell-like alcove where the sub-prefect was at work, and it was here that I became acquainted with Achille Ratti.

At that time the present Pope Pius XI was in his middle forties—a large, strongly built man with penetrating and kindly eyes, who impressed me at once as a born leader by force of his natural characteristics. The contrast between him and his superior was striking: Ceriani was an ascetic—a typical ecclesiastic-scholar, living within his limited kingdom, unacquainted with and indifferent to the world outside. Ratti looked out upon the world with an eagerly inquiring and assessing curiosity, and made use of his powerful intellectual equipment to gain for himself an understanding of life in general.

Never have I met a more congenial spirit. His welcome was spontaneous, and almost immediately we discovered a mutual interest which stimulated our friendship. During that fortnight of daily contact each of us was able to contribute constructively to the other's work: one of the earliest copies of his completed Ambrosiana "Iliad" came to me from him, my reciprocation being an advance copy of the Humanistic "Petrarch"—the first volume printed in my humanistic type.<sup>2</sup>

Aside from these kindred pursuits, we discussed books in general, but what he really sought to learn from me was of America and of the American viewpoint on international affairs. His questions were

<sup>2</sup> See page 98.



*Pope Pius XI*



keenly put, his comprehension was instantaneous, his analyses impressively exact. The fortnight passed all too quickly, leaving me with the profound impression that I had been privileged, during that period, to share the intellectual confidences of a man of power.

My next meeting with Achille Ratti was after he succeeded Monsignor Franz Ehrle as Prefect of the Biblioteca Vaticana. Father Ehrle had been generous in assisting my study in that wonderful library, and my familiarity with it made it possible for me to visualize the extraordinary changes Achille Ratti put into effect. The broad-minded student of the Ambrosiana had become the progressive executive of the Vaticana. In spite of Ehrle's faithful efforts to make the volumes more easily accessible, the collections were so large in number that they had never been completely catalogued or indexed. In fact, it has only been within recent years that any one has known with any degree of accuracy what the Library really does contain. The new Prefect concentrated on tabulation and classification. He published five volumes of the invaluable "Studi e Testi"; he made facsimile reproductions of important Vatican items, similar to that of the Ambrosiana "Iliad," on which we had worked together; he issued three volumes of printed catalogues, and began a card catalogue of the printed



books. Most important of all, he made an exhaustive investigation into possible rearrangements in the building itself to increase the housing facilities.

In 1921 Achille Ratti was made Cardinal, but his interest in the Library continued. A year later he became Pope Pius XI. Now, with spectacular suddenness, he was in a position to put into practical operation the improvements suggested by all these years of investigation. The story of the metamorphosis is comparable to that of a big business executive turning into reality a life's dream of organization and expansion. The mosaic factory was moved, and the space thus released turned over to Library requirements. Automobile service was introduced at the Vatican, which made it possible to remodel the stables, designed by Bramante in 1512, into proper Library facilities. The offer of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace to supply financial assistance, which had been hanging fire for several years, was now gratefully accepted. More than seven miles of steel shelving, three stories high — a veritable skeleton of an American skyscraper — were especially constructed by American engineers. Automatic temperature adjusters were installed to protect the priceless volumes from the injury incidental to the extremes of Italian damp and the heat of Roman summers; self-operating time switches relieved the necessity of care on the part of the attendants in their use of electricity in the stacks.

Pope Pius XI transformed the Biblioteca Vaticana into the most modern library on earth.

All this is typical of the Achille Ratti I knew as the sub-prefect at the Ambrosiana thirty years ago. When I first heard of his election as Pope, I exclaimed impulsively: "We shall see things happen at the Vatican." Things have happened. The new Pope added more modern conveniences at the Vatican than all his predecessors put together, and as soon as each one was installed he insisted upon being shown its basic principles. He has shown himself shrewd in business affairs, and an able statesman, as witness the Lateran Treaty he negotiated with Mussolini. With no sacrifice of his saintly dignity, Achille Ratti brought to the throne of Saint Peter the executive ability and energy of the twentieth century.

One subject we had chatted about during that fortnight in Milan, which had to do neither with books nor with world questions, was Lake Como. Achille Ratti was an enthusiastic mountain climber, and his love of outdoor exercise explained the marvelous physical condition he was in when I knew him. He was so enthusiastic about Cadenabbia and its surroundings that this particular portion of the Italian Lakes became a Mecca for me, and I learned to share his enthusiasm. He passed each summer vacation in the small town of Griante, just back of Cadenabbia, and his mother always spent the entire summer in this

characteristic little Italian settlement. In fact, he was in Griante when, as Cardinal, he was summoned to Rome for the conclave at which Pope Benedict's successor was to be elected. As he said good-bye to his mother at the little Lake steamer, he remarked jocosely, "You know, Mother, I may never come back," referring to the tradition requiring the Pope, when elected, to remain a prisoner at the Vatican.

Seeing the tears creep into his mother's eyes, he hastened to reassure her.

"Remember our name,<sup>3</sup> Mother," he said, smiling and placing his arm around her. "If I am elected Pope, I promise you that I will find the means to gnaw my way out of the Vatican."

History records the keeping of that promise. The Pope now finds relaxation in his summer residence at Castel Gandolfo.

The only time I saw Achille Ratti again was in 1927, when he graciously accorded me a private audience. The twenty-two years had, in some ways, made a great change. He was then nearly seventy, but physically and mentally he was still the same straightforward, powerful man. His eyes were just as frank and penetrating, his voice as clear and musical, but, naturally enough, even sitting in his private library, facing the Piazza S. Pietro, at his elaborately

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<sup>3</sup> *Ratti* is the Italian word for *mice*.

carved, flat-top desk on which rests the famous golden telephone, he was every inch the Pope. I remembered the quickness of his repartee, in the earlier days, his love for a good story, the twinkle in his eye, the chuckle in his voice. These, of course, could never remain a part of one occupying his exalted position. There were lines, too, in his face, beyond those the years had placed there. Did he sometimes think of earlier days when he was free to be himself; when, without attendants and without ceremony, he could climb to the summit of Monte Crocione, and joke with his friends about his experiences? I wonder.

Out of my Italian experiences have come rich human dividends. The warmth and color of the Italian skies, the glamour of its fascinating history, the lure of its irresistible romance combine to draw closely together those who come beneath its influence. I should inevitably have met Maurice Hewlett through natural circumstances, but we would never have discovered so quickly a mutual bond of sympathy except from sharing the same love for the Italian life and atmosphere.

I should never recognize the Maurice Hewlett I knew from his authorized "Life." This volume tells me far more in detail than I ever learned from him, but it fails utterly to disclose the two-sided personage — each consistently characteristic — who discussed

with me leading questions of the day over the lunch table at his London club, and the quite different personality who received me in his lovely rose garden at Broad Chalke.

In town, Hewlett's slender, wiry figure became nervously tense. His eyes never left my face, as if seeking to learn my response before I gave it. His entire manner was alert, his sentences crisp, his voice authoritative, and his whole bearing that of a man full of confidence and in touch with the world.

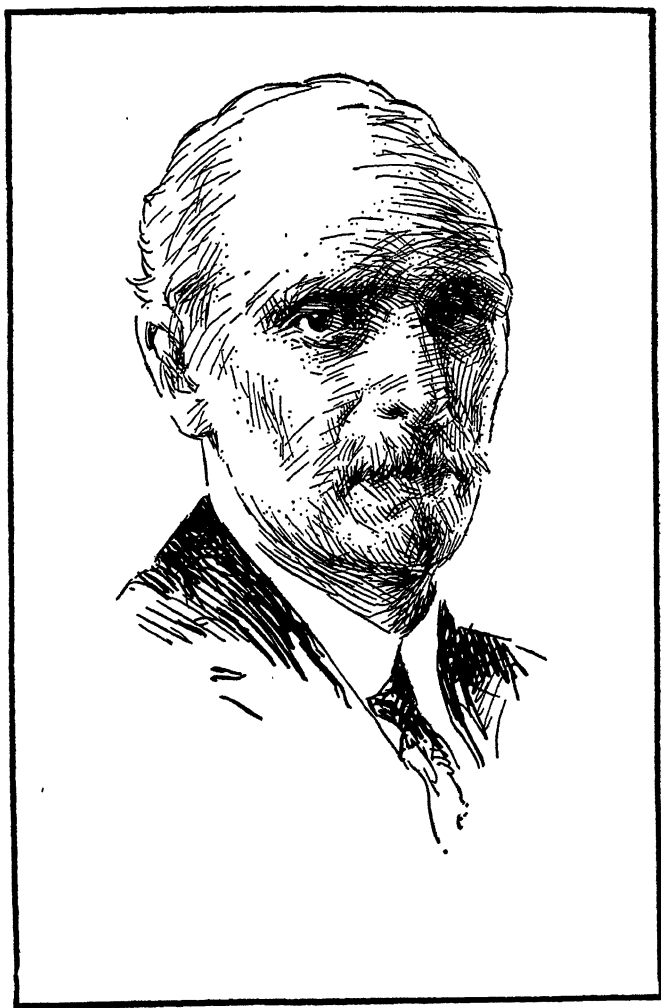
Our conversation ranged from international politics to current literature. It was on this latter subject that I tried to hold him, for I wanted him to tell me of his own work. His two-sided personality is so definitely displayed in his styles of writing that I was curious about it. A composite of his answers to several questions explains much that escaped his biographer.

"Your books," I remarked, "seem the expression of two men of widely different age —"

"They are," he admitted quickly; "and the latest ones represent the younger period. My youth was filled with discouragements, and I never had any boyhood. Then, for years, I had the daily grind as Keeper of Land Revenue Records in London —"

"That was where you assimilated that archaic style which so mystified your critics," I interrupted.

"How could I help it?" he demanded dryly. "My life was spent in the companionship of historical



*Maurice Hewlett*



worthies from William the Conqueror down. My emancipation came with my marriage. My wife was interested in the present. — Did you know that she was an aviatrix? ” he interjected. “ She was one of the first women in England to fly a plane. So you see, she was an out-of-doors girl, and together we wandered through the New Forest, camping out when night overtook us, and learning what Nature so freely teaches.”

“ Hence ‘ The Forest Lovers,’ ” I suggested.

“ Yes,” he acknowledged frankly, “ and the Italian volumes; for our pilgrimages took us into that adorable country of Dante and Boccaccio. But even so, I had to go back into the past — it was so much a part of me. But I tried to put the leaven of the present into my writing just as it had now come into my life.”

In the country he was another Maurice Hewlett; and this was the one I had come to know from reading his books. Here he was distinctly the Bohemian and the dreamer, apparently completely detached from all that went on in the world outside. Here, instead of discussing current events, the conversation turned on his garden, or French memoirs, or biography, and his comments were made in that whimsical manner which a reader of Hewlett naturally expects.

One afternoon I happened to remark that his writ-



ing appealed to me particularly because it was so distinctly humanistic in spirit.

Looking up quickly he inquired, "Just what do you mean by that?"

"Petrarch and his little band of Humanists," I answered, "are a hobby of mine. In fact, the whole humanistic movement, as the forerunner and essence of the Renaissance, is to me the most colorful period in all history. The world gives scant credit to Petrarch and his followers for having rescued the classics for posterity —"

"Have you ever been able to define Humanism?" he asked abruptly.

I was interested by the earnestness of his question.

"I can answer that more easily now than if you had asked it a few weeks ago," I replied. "Within a month my old friend, Dr. Guido Biagi, discussed this very question with me. I had never been able to discover a satisfactory definition, but with Biagi's help I evolved one which seemed to express the underlying spirit of Petrarch's movement." Then I gave him the definition I have already quoted on an earlier page.<sup>4</sup>

Hewlett looked at me intently for a moment. Then he asked, "Was that what you had in mind just now when you said that my work was humanistic in spirit?"

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<sup>4</sup> See page 88.

"How could one read 'Earthwork Out of Tuscany' and think otherwise?" I countered, smiling.

He held out his hand impulsively. "I wish I might accept that with a clear conscience," he said quietly, seemingly more to himself than to me.

When I hear Maurice Hewlett's name mentioned, the conventional English gentleman, clad in cutaway, tall hat, and spats, and greeting me in the strangers' room of his London club, never enters my mind. Instead, my memory recalls the slight figure, made to look more ample by the loose-fitting country habiliments, half-reclining on the stone seat in the garden at Broad Chalke, with an expression on his face which reflected the "leaven of living" that had come into his life, and which was given out again by him, as a true Humanist, "made richer by his personal interpretation."

Another Italian dividend, although indirect, added Thomas Nelson Page to my list of friends. I was sitting in my steamer chair one afternoon on board the S.S. Republic, bound for New York after three months of stimulating study in the great libraries of England and the Continent, when I heard my name spoken. Looking up, I discovered a man standing beside me with a visiting card in his hand and an embarrassed expression on his genial face.

"If you will pardon me —" he began, speaking

with a strong Southern accent; but I was on my feet before he could say more.

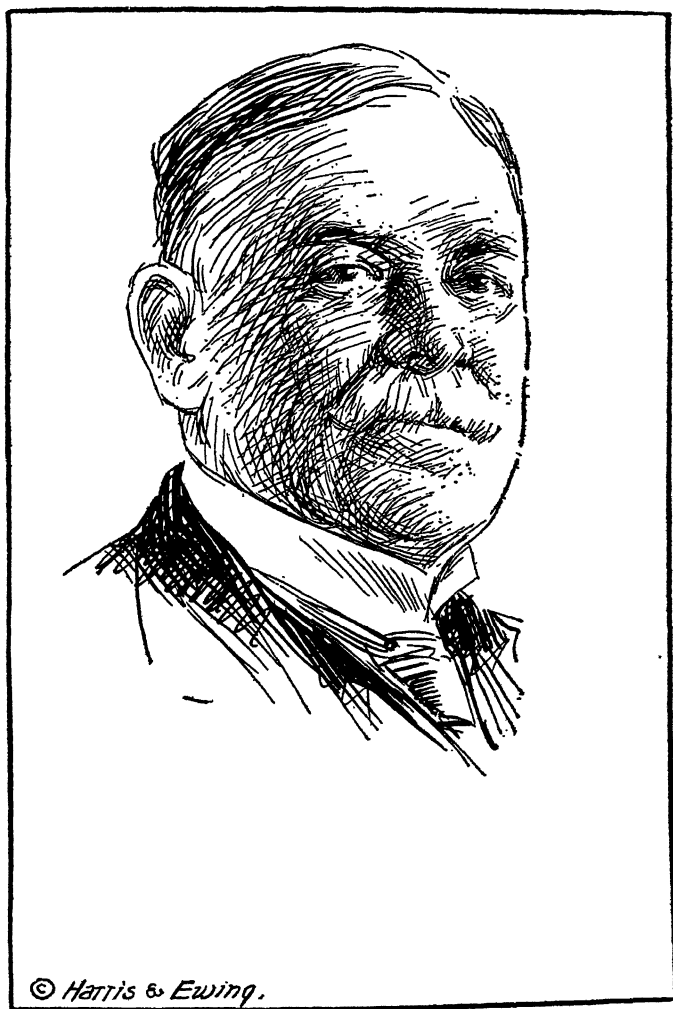
"I don't need to read this card, Mr. Page," I said, as I accepted it. "'Marse Chan' introduced us many years ago."

"That makes my mission easier," he replied, smiling broadly. "Some friends and I are eager to play whist, and we require a fourth. Suggestions from strangers on board ship to play cards are usually viewed with natural suspicion —"

"How can you be sure about me?" I interrupted, returning his smile.

"I have read your novel 'The Spell,'" he countered. "From that I recognize a meeting ground in our mutual love for Italy."

This was the prelude to many lazy, delightful hours on shipboard. We played whist, the other two being Theodore Davis of New York, and Gaspar Farrar, director of the Bank of England; but the real joy came from the intimate conversations that are encouraged by life at sea. Davis was fresh from the excavations he was financing in Egypt, and was full of enthusiastic detail concerning his great find of the tomb of Queen Tye; Farrar talked freely of the international financial problems the world was then facing. Page, like myself, was a listener while these men were talking; but frequently, as we sat together in our steamer chairs or took our constitutional on



*Thomas Nelson Page*



deck, we exchanged mutual experiences and convictions concerning Italy and other subjects, and he genially permitted me to draw him out about himself.

Page was full of quiet humor. He gave me a vivid picture of his early life on the ancestral plantation Oakland, in Hanover County, Virginia. During one conversation on this subject he suddenly pointed to his rather stubby nose:

"Do you see that?" he asked, smiling. "I got that pressing my face against the windowpane of the dining room, when, as a child, I used to peek in to see 'ef the grown-ups were done eatin'."

Then he talked of his struggles to become a lawyer. "My father insisted upon my studying a profession," he explained. "The Civil War had stripped him of everything else, but it could not touch his knowledge of law. Even so, I had to teach school first, to get money for my legal studies."

Page's heart was never in Blackstone. As a boy he spent hours absorbing the books in his father's library at Oakland, and he longed to write. But he stuck manfully to his profession. Clients came slowly. One of his earliest cases, he told me, was an assignment by the Court to defend a man who had been caught red-handed stealing an ox. The verdict was a foregone conclusion, but, eager to perform his full duty, Page inquired of his client if he had money enough to warrant applying for an appeal.

"No," the man replied in a surly tone; "ef I'd had any money, don't you think I'd have got me a lawyer?"

Page chuckled as he added another story. "One day a friend of mine came into my law office when I was out, and found an old colored man fast asleep in one of the chairs. He rushed out and secured a photographer, whom he brought back with him. When the picture was developed, he sent me a print, labeled 'Page's Only Client.'"

In spite of the injunction laid upon young Page by his father in regard to a profession, the Page children assimilated a literary taste from their home environment. The works of Pope, Goldsmith, Doctor Johnson, became topics of discussion when the family were by themselves. Young Page's ambition was to become a newspaper man, but the acceptance by Scribner's Magazine of some verses, called "Unc' Gabe's White Folks," brought him in contact with the House of Scribner, members of which encouraged him to write, criticized his work constructively, and published it.

"Marse Chan" was Page's first short story. "The idea for the tale came from a letter some one showed me," the author told me. "This had been taken from the pocket of a dead Southern soldier, written by some illiterate girl to her sweetheart. In it she expresses regret for her heartlessness in letting him leave

home without acknowledging that she loved him. If he would get a furlough now, and come home, she would marry him. "'But,' she added, 'don't you come home without a furlough. Ef you don't come honorable, I won't marry you.'

"But the poor chap got his furlough through a bullet," Page continued. "The idea gripped me, and I wrote the story."

Turning to literary subjects, we found ourselves in complete accord in our antipathy to the trend of the modern novel. By that we both stamped ourselves as old-fashioned.

"A novel to my mind," Page told me, "should portray the lives of interesting people and events rather than trying to appeal to a following with perverted tastes. When I read a book that does that, I wonder not about the characters in the book, but about the character of the author. My aunt used to say to me, 'My dear, it may take as much genius to paint a pigsty as a cathedral; but I prefer the cathedral.' She was right. Civilization does not make a practice of dissecting a human body in public."

An unexpected topic of conversation proved to be horse racing — which seemed a far cry. It was from Farrar that I learned of Page's inherited interest in thoroughbreds. One of his ancestors had imported race horses from England during the Colonial period. Before leaving America to serve as Ambassador to



Italy, Page presented his famous stallion "Black Dick" to the United States Government for breeding cavalry mounts, and his will disposed of several valuable thoroughbreds. So our discussion of the English Derby, which we had both recently witnessed, was more natural than might at first appear.

But it was in our talks of Italy that we touched most congenial ground. I have often wished that one of my frequent visits to Rome might have coincided with his ambassadorship, but my own war work kept me in France, Belgium, and England. I should have enjoyed recalling our conversations on board the Republic, comparing his actual experiences living in the country we both loved with the impressions formed through temporary sojourn. I strongly suspect that war-time Italy, where he was forced to forget romance and history in meeting the grim responsibilities of his position, lessened the glamour and destroyed the illusion.

They tell a story of a blatant American who came to the Embassy after war had been declared, and demanded assistance not only in getting home, but first to continue his journey to Sicily. The Ambassador explained that provision had been made to help Americans to return directly, but not to extend their travels.

The man was furious. "D—— a country that does that!" he exclaimed angrily.

Page, slow to wrath, sprang to his feet. "If you

don't leave this room instantly," he cried, "I'll have you thrown out. If I can prevent it, you'll never return to that country you claim is yours. You may have been born in the United States, but you are no American! "

My later meetings with Page were infrequent, as he remained closely in his Washington home. An anticipated reunion, which unfortunately was canceled owing to Page's ill health, was when we were invited as fellow-guests to the seventy-fifth birthday anniversary dinner given by Col. George Harvey to William Dean Howells, at Sherry's, in New York, in March, 1912.

Howells was still another Italian dividend. Curiously enough, this was a case of the lion seeking the mouse. Harpers, in 1909, had published a novel of mine, in which the scene is laid in Florence. Howells at that time being editor of Harper's Magazine, naturally came in touch with the publications of the House. He told me later that his desire to meet me was due to his nostalgia for Italy. From my story he recognized my affection for that country, and knew that I had come under its "spell." He was eager to put himself in touch with one whose enthusiasm was still fresh. As a result I received a gracious invitation to call upon him when next in New York. From this developed a friendship which,

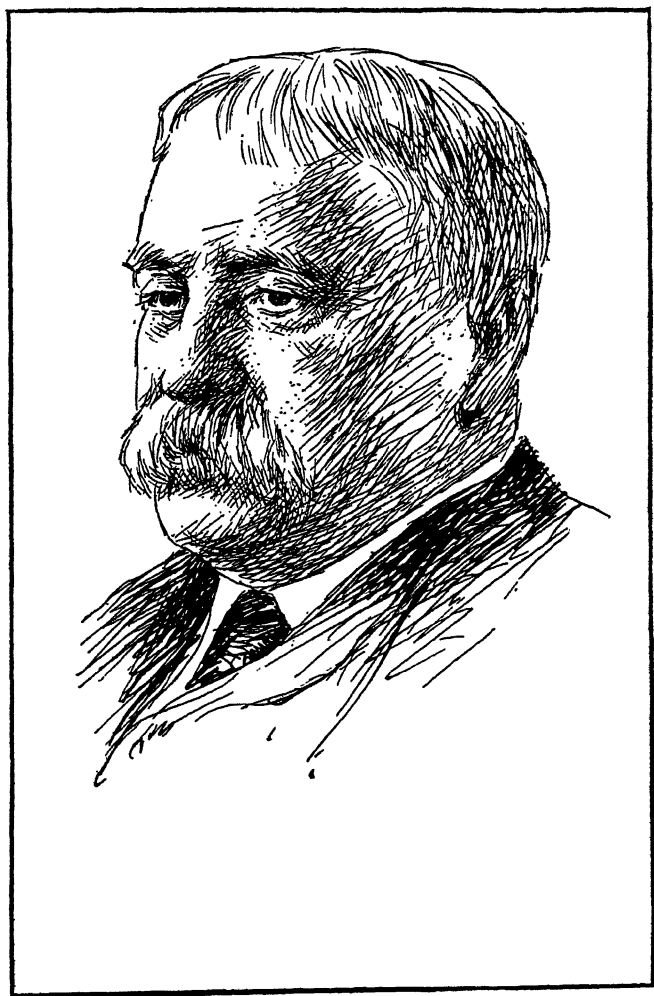
although lasting perhaps fifteen years, was all too short.

After that first meeting I considered a visit to New York incomplete without at least exchanging a few words with him. Frequently we had only time for that; on other occasions, sitting together in the editorial sanctum at the top of the circular iron staircase in the historic old Harper offices in Franklin Square, time seemed of no account. The Harper Round Table,<sup>5</sup> that unique lunching club established by Col. George Harvey at down-town Delmonico's, was a natural *rendezvous*. Beyond our common affection for Italy we discovered the same love for the smell of printer's ink, Howells having served his apprenticeship as a practical printer while still a boy in his father's newspaper office in Ohio. As we came to know each other better he seemed not only willing but eager to talk of his early literary struggles, and of great personages who to me weré only names or memories.

"James Russell Lowell," Howells remarked one day, "was the inspiration that kept me at my writing and prevented me from returning to my trade as printer. In one of my darkest hours, while consul at Venice, I received a letter from Lowell, who, with Charles Eliot Norton, was then joint editor of the *North American Review*, accepting for publication an essay I had written on Italian comedy. Of course

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<sup>5</sup> See page 263.



*William Dean Howells*



the acceptance meant much, but the letter was epoch-making. It wiped out completely my mortification for the defeat which I was at that moment about ready to accept. Lowell's message restored my belief that I could still do something in literature."

The two dollars a printed page paid by the Review to its contributors seemed almost reckless to Howells, who had been receiving a dollar a thousand words for such literary work as found publication.

When I first met Howells I was the head of the old University Press in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Long before my day, and while Howells was assistant editor of the Atlantic Monthly, a part of his business routine had been to see the magazine through the University Press. Naturally his reminiscences of that period were of peculiar interest to me.

"If the truth be told," Howells confided, "I have always believed that I owed my appointment on the Atlantic to my practical knowledge of printing rather than to any literary ability I might have had. At all events, I was allowed the privilege of reading all the proof and following every issue through to publication day."

He recited incidents of visits at the University Press with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who always made it a point to return his proofs personally, taking them directly to the proofreaders, and discussing with them points which required considera-

tion. In those days proofreaders were personages, and quite able to carry on scholarly discussions with famous authors.

Our conversation frequently turned upon Boston. One day Howells told me of an experience he had with ex-Mayor Pat Collins of Boston, in Ireland. They were both staying at a Dublin hotel, and Howells happened to remark that, in his opinion, the old-time Irish wit was a thing of the past. To this, Collins took violent exceptions:

"Civilization is the enemy of wit," he admitted, "but it's only in the cities that you miss it. Get out into the Irish country and you'll find it as irrepressible as ever it was."

To settle the question, Howells accepted Collins' suggestion that they charter a jaunting car and drive together into the country. After passing a certain point, which Collins mentioned, Howells was to accost the first person they met — man, woman, or child — with some outlandish question, and see what response he received. The test subject proved to be a lad perhaps twelve years old, whom they saw approaching them, driving some pigs.

When the boy came within hailing distance, Howells suddenly leveled his finger at him, and demanded, "If the devil were to appear at this moment, which would he take, you or me?"

"Me, sir," replied the lad, without hesitation.

That was not the answer Howells had expected. "How do you figure that out?" he demanded.

The youngster smiled mischievously. "Ach — sure, he could get you any time!"

Speaking of Boston itself, Howells became more serious. "There was a time," he said, "when I was accused of not caring for Boston. Perhaps that was because I joked good-naturedly about its complacency, or because I saw earlier than some people the literary drift toward New York. But I always loved Boston, and when one feels so close an intimacy as all that, surely he may enjoy a little chuckle over its harmless foibles! No one should doubt my admiration for its contribution to letters. When I went to live in Boston, all its talents had a literary coloring, and its greatest talents were literary. Boston stood for the whole Massachusetts group of writers, and Massachusetts was the literary impulse of New England. At that time we came nearer, I believe, to having a national literature than we ever shall again. How can it be possible for our larger life to interpret itself again in such imagination as Hawthorne's, such wisdom as Emerson's, such wit as Holmes', such prophecy as Whittier's, such humanity as Lowell's?"

I was reminded of this a few years later, when I had the happy privilege of sitting amidst distinguished guests at the seventy-fifth birthday dinner which Col. George Harvey tendered Howells, to which refer-



ence has already been made. In the course of his response to the many tributes paid by friendly guests, including President Taft, Hamilton Mabie, William Allen White, and hosts of others, Howells said:

"I knew Hawthorne and Emerson and Walt Whitman; I knew Longfellow and Holmes and Whittier and Lowell; I knew Bryant and Bancroft and Motley; I knew Harriet Beecher Stowe and Julia Ward Howe; I knew Artemus Ward and Stockton and Mark Twain; I knew Parkman and Fiske. Names refulgent still, however the fire, never to be returned, seems beginning to die out of some of them; names such as we have hardly the like of."

Yet I must not leave Howells as sounding a pessimistic note for the future of American literature. In the course of these same remarks he also said:

"There has been no hour of our literary past as I have lived it when I had the least fear for our literary future; not even when the good fight for reality in literary art, which I believed myself fighting, seemed to be a losing fight did I bate my hope for the time to come or for the time that then was."

Knowing Howells as I did, I wondered at the time whether this optimism was basic, or whether the note he sounded was a challenge to the future.

Perhaps the most dramatic return Italy ever gave me was my meeting with King Victor Emmanuel.

Etiquette requires that when one receives a decoration from a foreign government he shall acknowledge the courtesy, when next in the capital city of that country, by calling upon the King. The Italian Government was so gracious as to confer upon me the Cross of the Crown of Italy in 1924, but it was not until three years later that I was again in Rome. Then I signed my name in the King's book at the Quirinal.

Naturally, I considered this merely as a perfunctory and formal gesture, but, during the last evening of my stay that year in Rome, the manager of my hotel sought me out, accompanied by an impressive-looking individual in full regalia, who, with much ceremony, handed me a command for a private audience with the King at ten o'clock the following morning.

My plans had been completed to leave Rome by motor that very morning at half past nine to visit the hill towns, and reservations had been made all along the route. But a Royal command was not to be taken lightly. After considering the matter, I decided to continue with my original plans, leaving the hotel at the hour arranged, and going directly to the Quirinal, where my family would wait in the car in the palace courtyard while I had what I expected would be a brief interview with the King.

I was greeted at the Royal palace by the Duca d'Olmo, the King's secretary, and we chatted for a

few moments before I was ushered into the reception room. Victor Emmanuel is a short man, with a large head, bushy eyebrows, bristling mustache, and small mouth. His eyes are his most distinguished feature, and his quick alertness his most noticeable characteristic. When the door opened, I found him standing, in an undress military uniform. He smiled genially as I entered, extended his hand, and greeted me with an utter lack of that formality one associates with Royalty. He led me to one corner of the room, where we settled down for what proved to be a visit of three-quarters of an hour. His first words gave me an explanation of the command:

"I want to express my appreciation," he said in flawless English, "of what you have done, in the sister arts of literature and typography, to interpret Italy to America. In your 'Quest of the Perfect Book' Italy has for the first time been given her proper place in the development of the Book."

I found that he knew the contents of my "Quest" intimately, and we discussed at length several points which were of mutual interest. His knowledge of books was far more than casual. He was familiar with the lives and the productions of the old master printers, and his desire to have Italy once more regain her early supremacy in the art itself was obvious. He spoke of the great edition of Dante's works, then being projected to commemorate the poet's tercen-

tenary, and expressed his pleasure that the committee had selected the Humanistic type which I had designed,<sup>6</sup> based upon the magnificent hand-lettering of the humanistic scribes of the fifteenth century.

"I wish you would write a book like 'The Quest' on the treasures in my library at Turin," he said suddenly. "The volumes are rich in romantic and historic associations. You would be my guest there in the palace, and my librarian would give you all the information you desired."

What would I not have given had circumstances made it possible to accept this gracious invitation!

Turning to other subjects, I spoke of the interest we in America were taking in the evolution of the New Italy. He looked up at me with a curious expression on his face.

"Do they give me any credit for that, in America?"

It was a difficult question to answer quickly, for I knew only too well that the King's relation to his own government has been and is completely misunderstood in the United States. As a matter of fact, for generations the King has never ruled in Italy — his function has been to reign. But during the past thirteen years, instead of being governed by a Privy Council, as in the past, Italy has been ruled by a single man, who has amply demonstrated his devotion to his country.

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<sup>6</sup> See page 98.

"In America," I answered the King after a brief hesitation, "you are given credit for having selected the most valuable Prime Minister in all Europe."

He was thoughtful for several moments.

"Mussolini is a wonderful man," he said with much feeling. "You may tell my friends in America that the most wonderful thing about Mussolini is his loyalty to his King."

Later conversation with the Duca d'Olmo brought out the fact that Mussolini holds regular conferences with the King at the Quirinal, to discuss all important matters of State before they are promulgated.

I was telling this story recently to a friend, who is the head of a great utility company in Boston.

"What you say," he remarked, "interests me particularly because one of our executives brought back the same statement after a conference with Mussolini. No one believed him — but now the two statements confirm the fact."

Those who look upon Victor Emmanuel as a mere figurehead are misinformed. They fail to give proper credit to a great sovereign, who, though brought up in the Royal atmosphere of the House of Savoy, was far-sighted and democratic enough to refuse to sign the order promulgated by the Provost of Rome to fire on the Black Shirts when Mussolini led them in their historic march on the Eternal City.

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#### IV · *Untaxable Literary Returns*

JULIA WARD HOWE ~ MARK TWAIN ~ SIR JOHN  
MURRAY IV ~ AUGUSTE RODIN ~ SIR W. S.  
GILBERT ~ JEROME K. JEROME ~ WILLIAM  
J. LOCKE

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LIVING as we are today amid the menacing perils of constantly increasing taxation, I take a quiet satisfaction in the knowledge that I possess certain personal returns beyond the reach of even the most rapacious tax collector. Were I able to figure my tangible income on the basis of those rich enough to invite governmental investigation, I could not secure, in spending it, even a fraction of what my writing has yielded me in personal contacts that have left behind them priceless memories. Amid the anxious perplexities and changing values of modern life, I have but to take down from my library shelf a volume written by some author whom I have known, and I am instantly transported, as on a flying carpet, out of the present into some spot in the past which is vividly associated with happy experiences. These are the intangible royalties an author values beyond the thrill of having his literary offspring attain the questionable dignity of being included among the best sellers.

In an earlier chapter I quoted William Dean Howells as saying, "When I went to live in Boston it stood for the whole Massachusetts group of writers, and Massachusetts was the literary impulse of New England." This was still true, though in a lesser degree, when the Boston Authors' Club was formed, largely through the efforts of Julia Ward Howe. At that time no one even thought of challenging Boston's right to call itself the literary hub of America. Were not the shades of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, James Russell Lowell, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Francis Parkman, and John Greenleaf Whittier still hovering over such successors as Oliver Wendell Holmes, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Fiske, Louise Chandler Moulton, and Mrs. Howe?

When the literary reputation of Boston began to wane, Mrs. Howe redoubled her efforts to maintain the high standard of the Boston Authors' Club. Younger Boston writers, with growing reputations, now joined hands with the surviving members of the Old Guard, and so great had been the aura surrounding this august body that its meetings and dinners still attracted celebrities from all over the country, and from abroad. Our graceful, witty President proved the greatest magnet of them all.

The first time I ever saw Julia Ward Howe was



*Julia Ward Howe*





at one of these dinners soon after I became a member. In spite of her advanced age, she made a brilliant toastmaster, and each speaker seemed inspired by the spark she struck in her introduction to carry on in the same vein. I have never ceased to realize, since that evening, how heavily the responsibility for the success or failure of a public dinner rests upon the personality of its toastmaster. This was the occasion when Owen Wister bestowed upon our beloved senior officers the soubriquets which they wore for the rest of their lives:

“Mrs. Howe — the woman who turned her pen into a sword.

“Colonel Higginson — the man who turned his sword into a pen.”

Our President's physician had insisted that she leave the party at a certain hour. When the moment came she showed her disappointment like a child. We all rose as Thomas Bailey Aldrich escorted her from the table. When they were part way down the aisle between the tables, the quartet struck up the tune of “The Owl and the Pussy Cat.” Instantly Mrs. Howe grasped Aldrich's hand, holding it high above her. With her right hand she held out her full silk skirt like some graceful *débutante*. Then, swaying to the rhythm of the music, ably seconded by her partner, she left the party amid the happy and affectionate plaudits of the guests.

During the many years that followed, Mrs. Howe and I were brought together frequently, particularly in our joint service to the Club, which always remained one of her pet interests. It was a joy merely to listen to her conversation, which invariably sparkled with wit. Countless instances might be cited: Thomas Wentworth Higginson to us was Vice President, but Mrs. Howe always referred to him as her "chief vice." Again, at a meeting, one day, she and Higginson were standing with Edward Everett Hale and Oliver Wendell Holmes. The conversation turned upon Boston, and, after each of the men had made some comment on the city, Mrs. Howe remarked:

"It's a good thing for us that Boston doesn't drop its H's!"

The Club made her the center of its frequent celebrations. Her eighty-sixth birthday was celebrated with a festival suggested by the Welsh Eistenfodd, to which each member brought four lines of verse — a poetical four-leaf clover — in homage to the still-active President. She was indeed, as William Dean Howells once called her, "the literary impulse of Boston."

At various times Mrs. Howe talked with me of her intimate friends — Samuel and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, of James Freeman Clarke, Charles Sumner, William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Parker, and Wendell Phillips. From her I learned more of the

abolition movement than from any book; through her I became an avowed advocate of woman suffrage when to take such a position still required an explanation. She spoke often of her husband, Samuel Gridley Howe, the pioneer in work for the sightless, whom Whittier dubbed "the Cadmus of the blind."

One day I asked her whence came the inspiration for writing her famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

"It was truly an inspiration," she replied. "It was written almost as in a dream —"

Mrs. Howe had gone to Washington in the late summer of 1861 with the Massachusetts war-Governor Andrew and his wife, and the Reverend and Mrs. James Freeman Clarke. In the warlike atmosphere of the Capital City she felt impelled to do her bit for the soldiers, but she could not seem to find her niche. One day she heard passing soldiers singing "John Brown's Body," and Doctor Clarke remarked that it was a pity more fitting words were not associated with that stirring music.

Mrs. Howe must have had this thought in mind when she retired that night. Before daybreak she suddenly awoke, chanting to herself,

*"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."*

Lying perfectly still, she seemed to hear the rhythm of marching feet, and one by one the lines

fell into place. Then she sprang out of bed, wrote the words upon a sheet of paper, and returned to sleep.

"When I next awoke," she told me, "I thought I had dreamed it all. I couldn't remember a single word — but there were the lines, scrawled out by my sleepy fingers."

I was happily among the guests in her Beacon Street home one afternoon when she thrilled us all by reciting these noble verses in her clear, firm voice. This occasion was vividly recalled when I was present, ten years later, at the memorial exercises held in Westminster Abbey for the American soldiers and sailors who had fallen in the World War. In such an atmosphere, amid such surroundings, and under such circumstances, the singing of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" brought forth the most blazing passion of patriotism I have ever witnessed, and left an impression I never expect to have repeated.

Mark Twain was a frequent guest at the Boston Authors' Club, and it was there I first came to know him. Later, we were brought together by the fact that we both were "Harper authors," and met occasionally at the Harper Round Table<sup>1</sup> at Delmonico's for lunch.

I always found him much more humorous when

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<sup>1</sup> See page 263.

off parade than when on guard. I learned to recognize the signs when he felt that people around him expected him to be humorous. Then he would assume a professional attitude, and good-naturedly give them what they wanted; but his efforts lacked that spontaneous expression which came from his instinctive approach to any given situation.

Once, when in Florence, I found that he was living at the Villa di Quarto, a few miles out from the city. I telephoned from my hotel announcing my arrival in Florence, and saying that I would call upon him some afternoon at his convenience.

"Come on out this afternoon," he welcomed me cordially. "I'd have you move your duds out here and stay with me, but you're far more comfortable where you are. Wait until you see this place!"

When I arrived I understood. With all the attractive villas around Florence, it seemed incredible that the Clemens family should have selected this particular one. The building itself was large and unattractive — perhaps fifty feet wide and two hundred feet long. The garden was lovely but oppressive, due to the lugubrious cypresses, so tall that they kept out the sun. The statues and the marble seats were moldy with green moss, and the luxuriant ivy was so riotous in its growth as to be unkempt. The one redeeming feature was the superb view from the *loggia*.

"Welcome to the barracks," Mark Twain greeted

me. "Looks like a hotel, doesn't it? You'd think, with twenty bedrooms on the top floor, and only four people in my family, there'd be room enough to put you up, wouldn't you? But to stuff a friend into one of those medieval cells would be a crime."

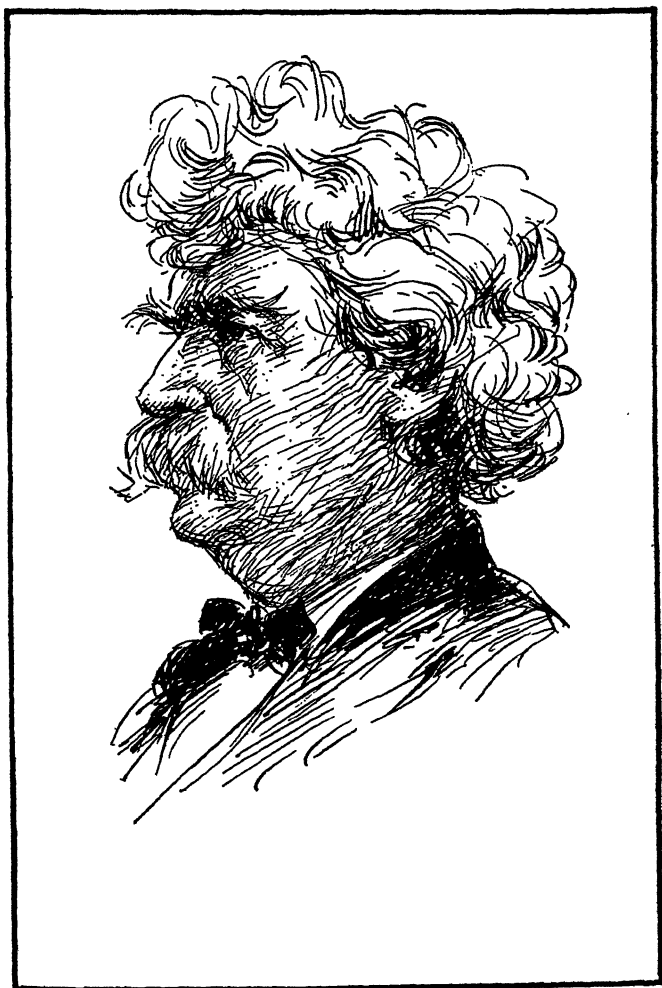
Before we settled down for our visit, Mark Twain took me over the villa, and his comments were obviously an effort to be amusing.

"I was fooled into taking this villa," he explained, "by a clever agent, who told me it was built by Cosimo de' Medici. Maybe it was, but in that case he must have had a bum architect. Then came the 'improvements.' That Pullman staircase was put in by the King of Württemberg —"

When we passed into the hall from the living room we came face to face with a huge, green majolica stove. "Ah!" he exclaimed. "Here is the masterpiece! That was the bright idea of a Russian princess. When I first saw it, I thought it was a church for children. But the princess wasn't responsible for the carpets and the furniture — those remain as the relics of a brainstorm of the present owner. Oh, well; I guess the less we say about her the better."

As we seated ourselves on the terrace, the bantering continued. He had given me one of those terrible German cigars so common in Italy, at which I was tugging manfully.

"How do you like that cigar?" he demanded suddenly.



*Mark Twain*





Etiquette seemed to require the concealment of my real sensations. "It's fine," I prevaricated. "I didn't know one could get as good cigars as this over here. I've always felt it necessary to bring my own from the States."

Clemens' interest was at once aroused.

"Did you do so this year?" he inquired with an innocence I should have suspected.

"Yes," I admitted; "but never again. From now on I'll smoke your kind when I come over."

He puffed away meditatively for a while. Then he asked, "Do you happen to have on your person any of the cigars you brought with you?"

I drew a case from my pocket, opened it, and offered him his selection. He threw away the cigar he had half smoked, leaned forward eagerly, and took one of mine. Lighting it quickly, he sank back in his chair and inhaled the smoke contentedly.

"That's a Hoyas de Monterey," he remarked at length. "I haven't had one of those for a long time. Say, I've got an idea. You like my cigars and I like yours. Tell you what I'll do — I'll swap you even for those four!"

I was hoist by my own petard! We both laughed understandingly as I emptied my case.

As we smoked, we chatted together about mutual friends — Col. George Harvey, William Dean Howells, George W. Cable —

"I made my first reading tour with old George —"

"He told me about it," I interrupted, laughing —  
"steam pipes an' everything."

It was a good story. Clemens had been forced to plan this barnstorming trip to replete his finances. He was always nervous when speaking extemporaneously, but felt at his ease when reading from his books. At their first engagement, Cable related, he suffered from an acute attack of stage fright, and it was with difficulty that Cable finally pushed him out from the wings. Once before his audience, Clemens started to make a few preliminary remarks, but almost simultaneously the steam pipes began to beat a tattoo. Clemens paused, then began again. So did the steam pipes. After this repeated itself three or four times, the audience was in a paroxysm of laughter, and Mark Twain became more and more embarrassed. At last, when the noise in the pipes ceased again, Clemens lifted his hand impressively:

"Will some one," he cried, "kindly go down in the basement and tell that janitor to stop gnashing his teeth!"

From that moment, Cable said, Mark Twain had his audience completely with him.

At length, as we looked across the city of Florence to the Chianti hills, my host's manner changed. He no longer seemed to feel the necessity of trying to amuse me. The conversation turned upon his own work,

and from him I gained a new appraisalment. Ever since that afternoon, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn have ceased to be characters of fiction, but have stood as the personification of human notes which supply the leaven to make life worth living.

He asked me which of his books I liked best, and I delighted him by naming "Joan of Arc."

"I hope others feel the same way," he said. "I don't want to go down to posterity simply as a court jester. There is no lasting quality to humor unless it's based on real substance. Being funny doesn't amount to anything unless there is an underlying human note. That is what I've always tried to sound; but people don't realize that this requires the same powers of observation, analysis, and understanding as in serious writing."

Cable had prepared me for this. In telling of that barnstorming tour, he said that on one occasion Mark Twain came back-stage, after having left his audience convulsed with laughter: "Oh, Cable!" he exclaimed with distress in his voice. "I'm making a buffoon of myself. How much longer can I stand it!"

"You are going down to posterity as a philosopher as well as a humorist," I told him.

He was silent for several moments. "I hope you're right," he said with much feeling. "I wrote 'Joan of Arc' to prove that I could do something serious, but I didn't dare put my name on the title page be-

cause every one would be looking for what wasn't there."

"You were more fortunate than Maurice Hewlett," I reminded him. "He wrote 'The Queen's Quair' as serious history, but no one would accept it as anything but fiction."

"He should not have signed it," Mark Twain said emphatically. "By the time the critics discovered who wrote 'Joan of Arc,' the book had made a place for itself. Perhaps that proved me a humorist!"

From that day Mark Twain discarded his professional bantering when we were together. His natural, irrepresible humor was always present, but our conversations were usually along serious lines.

During the quarter century since Mark Twain's death I have been conscious of a constantly strengthening confirmation of my statement that the world's final assessment of him would be as a philosopher. While he lived, he laughed into oblivion many of those false theories which threatened our national life through temporary popularity. What material he would find at hand today! The eye of the philosopher pierces the distorting mists of prejudice and misunderstanding; the voice of the philosopher, conveying the true perspective he has thus discerned, becomes irresistibly effective when it exposes fatuous claims to the world's ridicule.

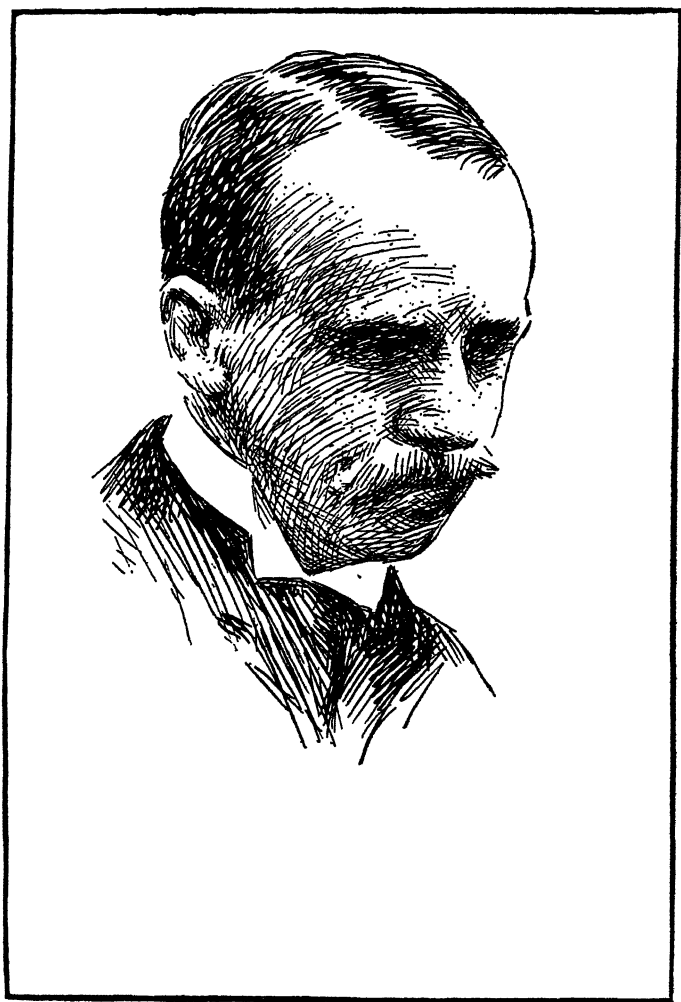
Familiar as I am with London, I find that even a casual reference to that city sends my thoughts scuttling back thirty years. There have been many happy associations with England and the English people since then, but within the brief period of that first decade of the present century I made friends and enjoyed experiences which could never be repeated. I cannot help asking myself, as I think over the names of present "celebrities," whether that type of literary man with whom I was thrown in those days has forever disappeared.

In the 1900's, London seemed to an American ten years behind the times, yet, for that reason perhaps, the more appealing. The hectic American atmosphere was happily conspicuous by its absence. Social and business affairs were conducted with a dignified deliberation which made a joy of each contributing step toward the objective. A comparison of manners and customs of that historic period with modern London would seem nothing less than sacrilegious. To the Continental mind, any change, political or economic, is looked upon as probably for the better; to English psychology even a suggestion of change creates a sense of apprehension. Yet, in spite of herself, and against strenuous protest that went deeper than the lips, London has been forced to accept the practical application of modern "improvements."

Just as Guido Biagi made Italy real to me, so did

Sir John Murray IV (K.C.V.O. 1926) give me my first and abiding affection for England and the English people. I went to him on my first visit to London with a letter from John Murray Brown, then the head of Little, Brown and Company, who was a namesake of Sir John's father; and the friendship between the Murray family and my own, which developed from that earliest meeting, has happily continued through the fifth generation. We have always been made to feel ourselves welcome guests at 50, Albemarle Street, in London, the home purchased by "Glorious John," the second Murray, after the great success of Lord Byron's "Childe Harold." Here, with the shades of Byron, Walter Scott, Southey, Washington Irving, Lockhart, Coleridge, and other distinguished former guests hovering over us, our host related from time to time, with delightful detail, fascinating stories of literary romance and achievement which cluster about the historic home:

"Glorious John" was known as "the Playboy of the Publishing World" because of his lack of certain "business" characteristics usually associated with the profession of publishing. In place of these, he was endowed with a rich imagination, a strong dash of romance, an adventurous spirit, and a heart of gold. What other publisher, even in those days before commercialism became rampant, would have paid Lord Byron a thousand guineas for "The Siege of Cor-



*Sir John Murray IV*





inth " and " Parisiana " — and later sent the poet a check for an added £1500 on hearing of his financial straits, with the promise of £1500 more if needed? Who else, after acquiring a quarter interest in Sir Walter Scott's " Marmion," would refuse princely offers from Longmans and Constable, and then, when Scott's misfortunes came upon him, freely turn over his rights to the author, " into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned at the same instant that I received the request " ?

My host delighted to talk of his grandfather. " Glorious John's " imagination led him to " discover " Jane Austen and other profitable authors. He disclosed his business acumen when he purchased Byron's " Memoirs " unread, from Moore, at a record price. But this was not what appealed to my host's sense of pride.

" It was in that very fireplace," Sir John told me impressively, pointing to the burning coals, " that my grandfather destroyed the manuscript, sheet by sheet, relinquishing an assured fortune rather than proceed with its publication against the expressed wishes of Lord Byron's family."

Sir John was good enough to suggest proposing my name for membership in the Athenaeum, of which he was then one of the Committee. I told him that at the moment I was a candidate for the Garrick, and asked his advice about standing for both clubs.

"By all means take the Garrick" he exclaimed frankly. "As a matter of fact, you will find it much more entertaining there than at the Athenaeum." Then he gave one of his contagious chuckles:

"They tell a story of a new member who addressed some one in the Athenaeum clubhouse without having been previously introduced. The member thus addressed could not decide whether to burst into tears of mortification, or to report the offender to the House Committee for conduct unbecoming to a gentleman!"

The House of Murray has been and still is an absolute dynasty. Sir John Murray respected all the traditions and maintained the high standard. It was never a business to him, but rather the continuation of a trust. The Murray imprint on two of my books is a hallmark in which I, as would any other writer, take unusual pride. Sir John was an active participant in everything, public or private, that tended toward the welfare of the British realm. His family life was ideal—but the affairs of the House of Murray remained his obsession. The publishing office was next door to the family residence. Luncheon was a brief function, at which the family was usually augmented by famous Murray authors, statesmen, and social guests. Conversation was invariably upon some public topic, usually far removed from books—frequently brilliant even during the limited time devoted to the

function. Then, almost abruptly, our host would rise, make his excuses, and return to his responsibilities.

The innovation of the telephone, that most impertinent and insidious of all modern inventions, was, in the early 1900's, being gradually accepted in London, in spite of strenuous opposition, but it was not sufficiently in general use to ensure reaching even a leading business house. Sir John was one of the most active "conscientious objectors" against this, as he was to the employment of a typist. I remember his amusement when I related at luncheon an adventure I had experienced that morning:

I was passing down Bedford Street on my way to the old established house of B. F. Stevens and Brown, when it occurred to me that if I could locate a telephone it would save some steps. I was nearly opposite the office of a client of mine, so I ventured to enter, and found my friend in his private office. In answer to my inquiry he proudly acquainted me with the fact that he possessed a telephone, but courteously suggested that, as he was probably more familiar with the workings of the English variety, I allow him to make my call. The following conversation ensued:

"I say, miss, put me through to B. F. Stevens and Brown, will you? Oh — ah — thank you very much."

Then he laid the instrument down and turned to me: "They have no telephone."

"That is extraordinary," I replied (one easily

forms the habit of saying "extraordinary" on every occasion in London!).

"Oh, no," my friend corrected me; "there are many houses that have not yet installed telephones."

"I don't mean quite that," I explained. "What is extraordinary is that the company should have taken that telephone out since yesterday afternoon. In America it would have required a much longer time to get rid of it."

My companion looked mystified. "They couldn't have done that, you know."

"They must have," I insisted firmly. "I made use of a telephone in Stevens and Brown's office yesterday afternoon about four o'clock."

"I shall make further inquiries," he said, as he again grasped the instrument.

"I say, miss, the gentleman here is quite positive that B. F. Stevens and Brown have a telephone. Look it up again, will you? Oh — ah — thank you very much."

Again he hung up the telephone, and turning to me spoke with an air of absolute finality. "They have no telephone."

"And yet in America we have the idea that the English people are deliberate in their movements!" I said laughing, as I rose.

He looked at me quizzically. "I really believe you still think that they have a telephone."

"I really do," I admitted.

"Well, we'll soon see," he exclaimed with determination. He struck the bell violently, in response to which a small office boy appeared.

"I say, George," he instructed him, "run around to B. F. Stevens and Brown and ask if they have a telephone, will you?"

The boy promptly departed, and we chatted for twenty minutes until he came back. He had really hurried, so was out of breath as he came into the office to report.

"They have a telephone, sir — 485 Gerrard, sir."

A gleam of satisfaction came over my friend's face with the solution of the mystery. He now called for the number indicated. The connection was made. I transacted my business with B. F. Stevens and Brown, and again sat down. This last action seemed to cause my kindly host some mystification.

"Did you wish to call some one else?" he inquired.

"No," I said quietly; "I never make two telephone calls during the same day in London. But don't you think, for the good of the service, that something ought to be said to that operator who gave you such incorrect information?"

My friend agreed with me at once. "You are quite right. But you'd better let me do it. I'll 'call her down,' as you say in America."

He seized the telephone vigorously. "I say, miss,

that number you just gave me, 485 Gerrard, *was* B. F. Stevens and Brown's, the very house you twice told me had no telephone. Rather a good joke on you, isn't it, miss? "

He replaced the instrument noisily, and leaned back in his chair with complete satisfaction upon his face. "There!" he exclaimed. "As you say in America, I think that will 'hold her for a while'!"

"That served you right," Sir John chuckled as I concluded. "Think how much more pleasure you and Mr. Brown would have had if your conversation had been face to face."

He was right. His comment recalled a tradition in my own family. When one of my dignified ancestors, the head of his firm, required a new quill pen, he donned his silk hat and went himself to the neighboring stationer's, where he spent an hour visiting with the head of the establishment after making his selection of the necessary office accessory. The story sounded ridiculous to my youthful ears, but since then — and especially during the past few years — I have longed to have the material improvements stand still long enough for the soul to catch up.

The House of Murray has, of course, accepted the inevitable in the way of modern improvements, but they have done this with less compromise and more dignity than any other business firm I know. Sir John Murray IV, and the Murrays before him, gave sig-

nificance and substance to the art of publishing which still reflects its glamour upon those authors fortunate enough to be included in their list. The present generation (Sir John Murray V, K.C.V.D., D.S.O.) is carrying on with untarnished lustre.

I am including Auguste Rodin with this group of Englishmen because it was in London that I met him, and I also associate him in my mind as a part of these English experiences. Whenever I think of him, it is the merry twinkle in his deep-set eyes, peering out from beneath shaggy, white eyebrows above a bushy, white beard, that first recalls that extraordinary personality. He was a short, thick-set man, with a stoop in his shoulders that made him seem even more stocky than he really was. Naturally quiet and retiring, when once interested his manner became alert, his conversation free and rapid, his ideas clear cut and well defined.

Those whose memories go back to the great Paris Exposition of 1900 will recall the interest excited by the erection, near one of the main entrances, of a building especially to house the Rodin statues, by which act the city of Paris placed its belated stamp of approval upon the work of its famous sculptor. Here were exhibited, among other examples in various stages of completion, the masterly "Portal of Hell" — Rodin's great conception of Dante's Inferno, exe-

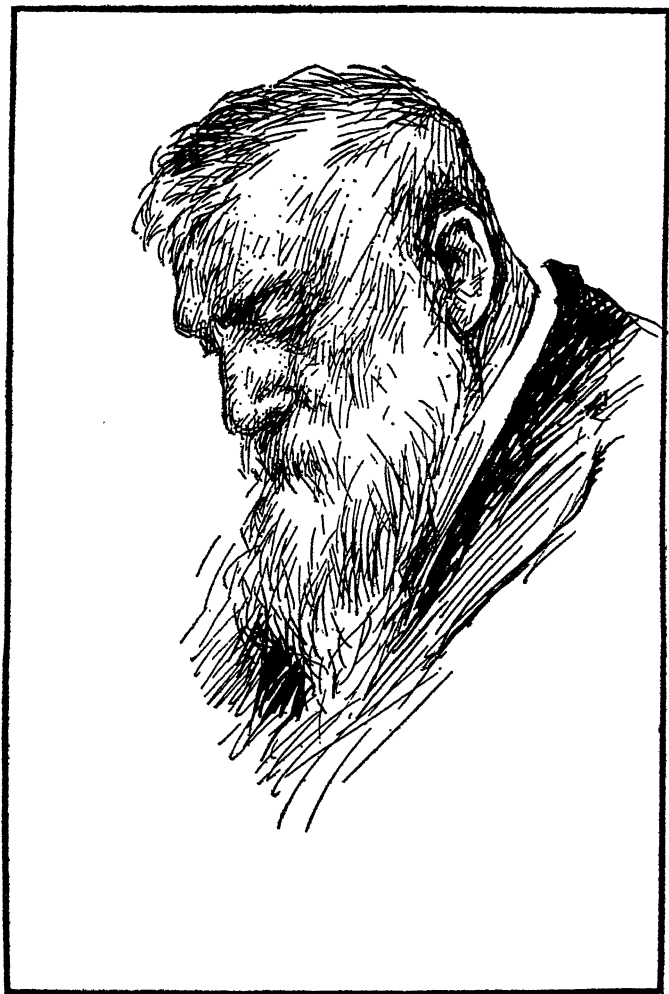


cuted as a commission for the Musée des Arts Decoratifs — and his “Balzac,” around which waged such controversy among critics when the Society of Men of Letters refused to accept the statue after the submission of its sketch in plaster.

Even the people in the street entered into the controversy when the “Balzac” was later exhibited in the Salon. Singers in the cafés sang scurrilous songs, street comedians made the sculptor the butt of their jokes, and statues of Rodin, caricaturing him as a snow image in imitation of the “Balzac,” were sold in the shops.

This was in 1898, and later, while in Paris, I had listened with interest and amusement to the heated arguments. Some looked upon this work of Rodin’s as the inauguration of a new phase in sculpture; others insisted that the artist had conceived a shapeless human figure, clad in its enveloping dressing gown, as an insult to his critics — that he had taken this method to express his disgust at their ungenerous treatment of his work.

With all this chatter fresh in mind, I crossed over to London, and there, by a curious coincidence, found myself a fellow-guest with Rodin at the home of John Tweed. Tweed himself was a well-known sculptor, sometimes called “The English Rodin,” whom I ran across one day in Padua. We were both standing before Donatello’s statue of Gattamelata, the first great



*Auguste Rodin*



equestrian monument cast in bronze in Italy since antiquity — I as a passing admirer, he as a sculptor studying another master's work, to gain fresh inspiration for an important commission recently placed in his hands — the completion of Alfred Stevens' unfinished statue of the Duke of Wellington, for Westminster Abbey. Being again in London I renewed the friendship which had developed from this chance encounter, and Rodin's presence in John Tweed's house at the same time greatly enhanced my pleasure. The French sculptor, as a matter of fact, was John Tweed's patron saint, and it was even more natural that the Frenchman should make his friend's house his headquarters when in England than that I should take advantage of Tweed's friendly invitation.

Rodin spoke no English, which resulted in an amusing incident:

One day he asked his host if he might try a bottle of the great English drink "pally ally," which he saw advertised in all the papers. When Tweed failed to understand just what his guest meant, the Frenchman pointed to an advertisement in the Times, repeating the words,

"Pally ally — pally ally —"

The "great English drink" he had in mind was Pale Ale!

Rodin was a keen inquisitor. His interest in America and Americans was deep and understanding.

This was the time when New York City had just reached out and taken to itself all the surrounding territory to form Greater New York, and Rodin was peculiarly interested to learn just what it meant.

"Don't let your New York grow too big," he cautioned. "That is all right for London, but London is the political center like your Washington, the literary center like your Boston, and the financial center like your New York. New York should not grow big simply as a financial and commercial center. It would become top heavy, and lose its personality."

It was not strange that our conversation should turn upon the Balzac statue, but, when I mentioned it, Rodin's face showed unnecessary wariness. This soon disappeared, being followed by an amused chuckle and the ever-present twinkle in his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "they took the commission away from me and gave it to my brother sculptor, Falguière. He was my friend, and I am glad that they gave him the order. Some thought it strange that in the same exhibition where he displayed his model I should exhibit a bronze bust of Falguière himself; but he was my friend — at least I could do that for him."

After we had talked for a few moments, and he was convinced that my queries were due to an interest beyond mere curiosity, he became more frank regarding the "Balzac" itself:

"It is not true," he told me, "that I had my tongue

in my cheek. I took him at his youth — only twenty-five years old, before he became tormented with the life he portrayed in the ‘*Comédie Humaine*.’ He was a peasant, this Balzac, a short, fat man. That is all we know about his personal appearance. There is no death mask, no bust. But for Lamartine I should have found no data. ‘Balzac was the figure of an element,’ Lamartine said; ‘he was stout, thick-set, square at the base and at the shoulders, ample, much as Mirabeau was, but not heavy in any way; he had so much soul it carried him lightly.’ My ‘Balzac’ was that. I made the spirit carry the flesh.”

The lack of finish, of which the critics complained, was deliberate. In “The Kiss,” Rodin had shown himself master of delicacy in conception and in execution. The very roughness of the “Balzac,” as it came into being, gave a far more vivid expression of the sculptor’s conception of his subject than any amount of elaborated detail could have done. This is now fully admitted. Time has justified Auguste Rodin and confounded his critics.

The club I love best in London is the old Garrick. I became a member in 1906, and it was perhaps six months after my election that I first visited the famous building which houses the Club in Garrick Street, near Covent Garden. I had an appointment there with Sir Sidney Lee, the Shakespearian expert,

at noon, and I arrived at the clubhouse perhaps twenty minutes ahead of time. While waiting in the "morning room" I was seized with a desire to smoke. To gratify this, I touched a button, and a page promptly put in an appearance.

"Please bring me a box of cigarettes," I requested, mentioning a popular brand.

The boy disappeared. Presently he returned. "Very sorry, sir," he reported; "but you can't have them."

"Why can't I have them?"

"The Honorable Secretary is out of town."

Somewhat mystified, I queried, "Don't the members of the Club smoke when the Honorable Secretary is out of town?"

"It isn't that, sir," the boy explained seriously; "but the Honorable Secretary keeps the cigarettes locked up in his roll-top desk."

This seemed to me to be a reasonable obstacle, so I inquired, "When do you expect the Honorable Secretary to return?"

The boy became thoughtful. "This is a Friday, sir, and he's away for the weekend. You might get some cigarettes on the Monday, sir." Then the page had an inspiration. "I might bring you an individual cigarette."

"Prithee do," I said, smiling at his earnestness.

The boy again disappeared, and soon returned with

a small glass in which there was a single cigarette. I placed it between my lips.

"Do I sign a check?" I asked.

"Oh, no, sir; the members here pay cash."

I gave him a penny. Then I looked around for a match, but there was none in sight.

"Bring me a match," I instructed him.

"Very sorry, sir," said the boy; "but you can't smoke here until after eight o'clock at night!"

Since then the regulations at the Garrick concerning smoking have relaxed, but I never light my pipe there, or inhale the first whiff of my cigarette, without smiling over this early experience.

The Garrick Club has an atmosphere all its own. This is not due to its antiquity, as buildings and institutions go in London, for the Club celebrated its centennial only in 1931; but rather to the extraordinary galaxy of original and interesting characters who have left their memories behind. How could it be otherwise with the shades of Dickens, Thackeray, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, John Forster, and Bulwer-Lytton hovering over the historic relics!

"Do we, its happy inmates, ever speak of it as 'The Garrick Club'?" Thackeray once demanded. "No; but as 'The G.,' the little 'G.,' the dearest place in the world."

To an "over-seas" member, Thackeray's praise becomes a description. There is a tradition that Lon-



don clubs are formal, but formality does not exist at the Garrick. In the thirty years since I was first included, I have met there at luncheon or dinner, at suppers after first nights at the theatres, or in that holy of holies, the "members' lounge," Sir James M. Barrie, Lord Burnham, Sir Arthur W. Pinero, Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, Sir Sidney Lee, Sir W. S. Gilbert, Captain Marshall, Marion H. Spielmann, Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, Cyril Maude, Arnold Bennett, Sir Gerald Du Maurier, Sir Gilbert Parker, and a host of other celebrities — not as representatives in art, or music, or literature, or drama, but as fellow-members of "the little G." William J. Locke and I discussed this phase of the club life one day at his beautiful Villa des Arcades, at Cannes. There is no such *bonhomie*, Locke declared, in any other club in the world.

"How could it be otherwise?" he asked. "Membership there signifies accomplishment in literature, the drama, diplomacy, or the arts. In each of these the creative instinct has been demonstrated, and that forms a powerful bond of sympathy."

Then he stopped abruptly and smiled consciously. "That sounds pretty conceited, doesn't it? But just between ourselves, as fellow-members, why not plume ourselves a bit? Seriously, my chief regret in living out of England is my enforced absence from the old Garrick."

On the day following the Derby, one year, I dropped in at the Club for lunch. It so happened that

this Derby Day took the record for a steady, torrential downpour, and that is something to record, even in the nineteen-hundreds! An English fellow-member genially inquired how I was employing my days in London, and I remarked:

“I took part in your aquatic sports at Epsom Downs yesterday.”

My companion looked at me doubtfully for a moment. “But that was the Derby,” he protested. “The Derby is a horse race.”

“Perhaps,” I said doubtfully; “but I didn’t see any horses — even coming up for the third time.”

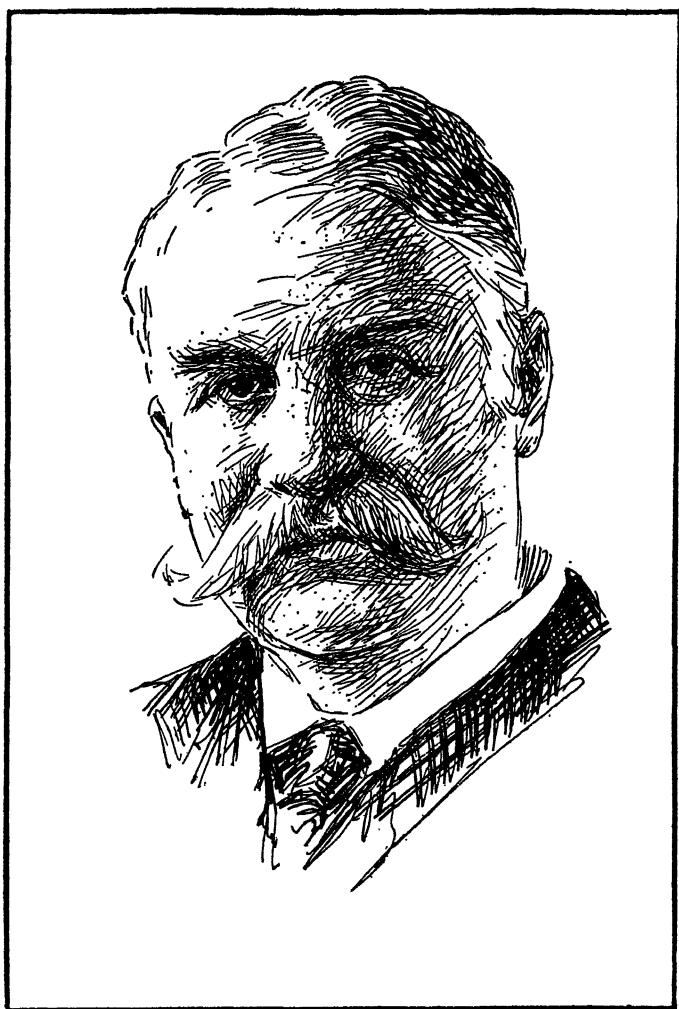
Then he laughed. “Oh, I see — you’re spoofing me,” he protested, his good humor restored by relief from the confusion of my remark. “I’m afraid you don’t like our weather.”

“I really didn’t think you ever had any,” I retorted.

“That’s good!” he exclaimed. “But you’re not the first American to dislike our weather. We have a story about one of your compatriots who not only didn’t like it, but who died of it. They took the body to the crematory, and, a few moments after it had been placed in the retort, an attendant opened the aperture to discover how everything was going on. To his amazement, the supposed corpse was sitting upright, and cried out: ‘For God’s sake shut that door! This is the first time I’ve been comfortable since I came to England!’ ”

My acquaintance with W. S. Gilbert began with the fortunate accident of sitting next to him at one of those delightfully informal suppers given by the Garrick Club — this time after the first performance of Beerbohm-Tree's production of "Henry Esmond." Gilbert was a tall man, who carried himself erect, and looked, with his ruddy complexion and iron-grey moustache, like a typical retired English colonel rather than the witty, whimsical author of the "Bab Ballads," and, in collaboration with Sir Arthur Sullivan, of such immortal comic operas as "Pinafore," "Pirates of Penzance," and "The Mikado."

With the traditional Garrick courtesy of an old member to an "over-seas" initiate, Gilbert constituted himself my host. Perhaps the fact that I came from Boston added to his cordiality. Was it not at the old Boston Museum, nearly sixty years ago, that "Pinafore" was first given, launching the Gilbert and Sullivan cult in America? Was it not from Boston's social circle that Mary Frances Carter (Mrs. Pierre Lorillard Ronalds) came, who served to heal the breach, temporarily at least, between composer and librettist, thus making possible the creation of "The Gondoliers"? During later meetings we discovered much else in common, and I found his conversation as brilliantly witty as his *libretti*. The story told of his reply, at a similar supper given at the Club



*Sir W. S. Gilber*



after Beerbohm-Tree's first performance of "Hamlet," is typical:

"What did you think of Tree's rendition of 'Hamlet'?" he was asked.

"Excellent," Gilbert replied — "funny without being vulgar."

At the Garrick, Gilbert was famous for perpetrating subtle pranks upon his fellow-members — even within the sacred precincts of the dignified Club itself. On a cold January night, I was one of a group sitting around the blazing open fire in the members' lounge. Gilbert left the Club early that evening, and after he retired Cyril Maude, with whom I had been conversing, asked me if I had heard of the joke Gilbert had played upon a fellow Garrickian, whose admiration for Shakespeare amounted to an obsession.

As the story goes, Gilbert met this friend (whose name is internationally known, but whom I shall call Mr. X to preserve his *incognito*) in the members' lounge after dinner. As Gilbert entered, Mr. X remarked good-humoredly:

"Hello, Gilbert. What have you been doing lately? Wasting your time, as usual?"

"Yes," Gilbert admitted frankly; "reading Shakespeare."

"Oh, well," Mr. X retorted, refusing to rise to the bait; "it takes a poet to appreciate a poet, and a genius to understand a genius."



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"I don't dispute Shakespeare's genius," Gilbert declared with assumed petulance; "but I will never admit that *everything* he wrote was inspired."

"You don't have to admit anything," Mr. X retorted calmly. "The fact remains that there is more between the lines of Shakespeare's works than any other author ever wrote."

Gilbert made an impatient gesture. "Look here," he exclaimed. "Listen to these lines I read last evening, and tell me if you can find a single trace of sense or beauty in them:

*'I would as lief leap through a thickset hedge  
As say "plosh" to a throstle.'*

Did you ever hear such arrant nonsense? "

Mr. X instantly became tense. "At last you expose your ignorance," he declared impatiently. "Those lines are classic —"

Gilbert manifested what appeared to be genuine surprise.

"Classic?" he repeated. "You really mean that they are —"

"Good heavens, man!" Mr. X interrupted. "In reading those words can't you see the dew glistening on the grass, the buds bursting into bloom, the birds twittering in the trees — all Nature awakening? They form nothing less than an inspired invocation to spring. Don't be a fool!"

Gilbert beamed, as he leaned forward to strike the bell. When the page appeared, he said:

"Ask the gentlemen what they will have to drink. Mr. X will pay the bill."

Then he turned to Mr. X with that whimsical expression on his face his friends loved, and shook his finger indulgently at his critic.

"Shakespeare didn't write those lines," he said, chuckling — "I wrote them."

Gilbert had again proved himself a consummate master of metre, but in addition to his power of imitation he created many metres which were absolutely original. I have never met a man quicker in repartee, or to whose lips more promptly came delicious quips and fantastic paradoxes. Yet any one who failed to take him seriously did so at his own peril.

The Garrick is perhaps less unusual since the War, and more like other clubs; but so long as that wonderful gallery of portraits and the extraordinary membership remain, the resemblance can be but superficial. Where else, if one's companions or his own thoughts bore him, can he fall back upon such memories of past wit or genius or mimicry of life!

In 1905 "Three Men in a Boat" still remained in my mind as the outstanding example of English wit and humor. The priceless Wodehouse had not yet

"I don't dispute Shakespeare's genius," Gilbert declared with assumed petulance; "but I will never admit that *everything* he wrote was inspired."

"You don't have to admit anything," Mr. X retorted calmly. "The fact remains that there is more between the lines of Shakespeare's works than any other author ever wrote."

Gilbert made an impatient gesture. "Look here," he exclaimed. "Listen to these lines I read last evening, and tell me if you can find a single trace of sense or beauty in them:

*'I would as lief leap through a thicket hedge  
As say "plosh" to a thistle.'*

Did you ever hear such arrant nonsense? "

Mr. X instantly became tense. "At last you expose your ignorance," he declared impatiently. "Those lines are classic —"

Gilbert manifested what appeared to be genuine surprise.

"Classic?" he repeated. "You really mean that they are —"

"Good heavens, man!" Mr. X interrupted. "In reading those words can't you see the dew glistening on the grass, the buds bursting into bloom, the birds twittering in the trees — all Nature awakening? They form nothing less than an inspired invocation to spring. Don't be a fool!"

Gilbert beamed, as he leaned forward to strike the bell. When the page appeared, he said:

"Ask the gentlemen what they will have to drink. Mr. X will pay the bill."

Then he turned to Mr. X with that whimsical expression on his face his friends loved, and shook his finger indulgently at his critic.

"Shakespeare didn't write those lines," he said, chuckling — "I wrote them."

Gilbert had again proved himself a consummate master of metre, but in addition to his power of imitation he created many metres which were absolutely original. I have never met a man quicker in repartee, or to whose lips more promptly came delicious quips and fantastic paradoxes. Yet any one who failed to take him seriously did so at his own peril.

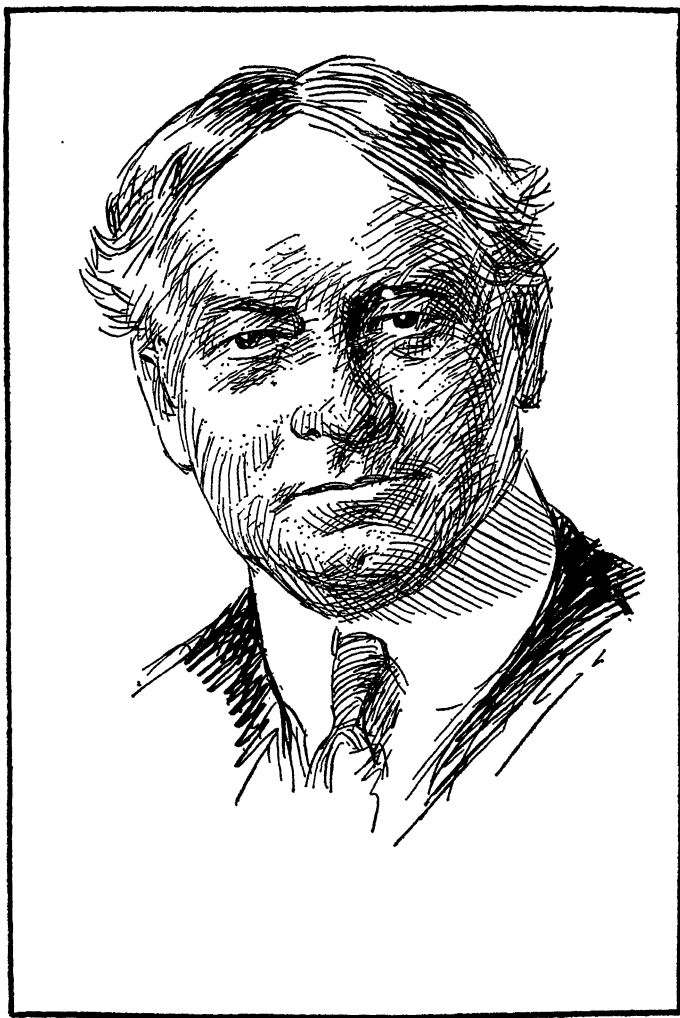
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In 1905 "Three Men in a Boat" still remained in my mind as the outstanding example of English wit and humor. The priceless Wodehouse had not yet

gone Jerome K. Jerome one better. It was with much pleasure, therefore, that I acceded to a suggestion made by a mutual London friend that I should entertain Jerome when he reached Boston on his first lecturing trip to America. He came to me after an extensive tour through the West, and on the evening after his arrival I gathered a dozen congenial spirits together at my club to bid him welcome.

I found him exceedingly entertaining during our meeting before the dinner—full of anecdotes and quick at repartee. He was brutally caustic in his comments on America and Americans, but I discounted this as perhaps due to his obsession that I expected him to be humorous. Later I was to discover my mistake! He had evidently come to the United States with a preconceived idea that Americans were hopeless barbarians, had been meticulous in his efforts to confirm his impressions, and had fully succeeded.

My guests voted my dinner a success, while I never remember to have passed a more uncomfortable three hours as host. They attributed Jerome's caustic satire, as I had, to an effort on his part to be amusing. But my guests did not know what had occurred just before we sat down. It so happened that Mark Twain was visiting in Boston at that time, and to include him at my dinner seemed to offer a wonderful opportunity of bringing the two famous humorists together at the same table. I mentioned the fact to Jerome when we



*Jerome K. Jerome*



gathered for dinner, thinking it would please him. To my amazement he stiffened, and said:

"I insist upon being the guest of honor. I have no intention of playing second fiddle to Mark Twain."

After reminding him that the dinner was being given for him, and that Mark Twain was simply one of the guests, I thought it wise to have a word with Clemens before they met. The doorman sent me prompt advice of his arrival, and, making my excuses to my other guests, I hastened to the dressing room. Here I briefly explained the situation. At first Mark Twain was furious.

"If I were host," he exclaimed, "I'd give the cad a hard-boiled egg and tell him where he could go and eat it." Then he relaxed and laughed. "He's funnier than I thought he was," he said. "I'm afraid, if I stayed, he'd make me laugh myself to death, so I'll leave you to enjoy him if you can."

With that, he slipped into his overcoat, shook hands genially, and departed. Fortunately, Jerome was the only one of my guests who knew that Clemens had been expected, so there was nothing to explain.

My guest of honor was obviously surprised and pleased that in presenting the guests to him I pronounced his name Jerrum instead of Jerôme.

"You are the first one to get that right," he remarked — "not that it makes any difference, because American is so difficult to understand."



From the moment we sat down, Jerome was at his best. He made no reference to the fact that Mark Twain had failed to appear, but there was never any doubt in my mind that he was relieved. It was a wise man who said, "There is no room for two lions at the same trough!"

Jerome entertained us with his experiences in the West. By this time I knew that his satire was deliberate, but my guests took it all as rare humor. Why did we rave so over our Niagara? He had spent hours trying to find it, and then stumbled upon it quite by accident. Why did we so abuse the negro race? Nowhere except in America did the populace regale itself by taking their wives and children to "buck nigger barbecues."

"Eye witnesses have told me," he declared, "how these unfortunate wretches scream and pray while they are being slowly roasted by mobs led by leading citizens. Well dressed women applaud, and children are hoisted upon their fathers' shoulders to enjoy the sport."

Our hotels were veneered palaces, our food was impossible. American trains had no schedules, but ran as they pleased. American life tended to enslave. Every American did exactly what every other American did. The Ku Klux Klan, with its traveling torture chamber, represented the spirit of the American people.

The laughter which greeted these amazing statements must have convinced my guest of honor of the utter hopelessness of even cultured Bostonians. Later, Jerome published these and other similar stories as actual facts, confirmed by his personal experiences.

One bit of real humor which relieved the satire was his comment on the size of our country:

"That is no credit to you," he declared. "I spent weeks crossing your prairies. If Switzerland rolled herself out as America has, she would be every bit as large."

To my relief the conversation finally veered away from America and Americans. Among the guests was Horace Fletcher,<sup>2</sup> who was then at the height of his fame as a dietetic reformer and genial philosopher. During the dinner Jerome chanced to make the statement that a touch of indigestion was absolutely essential to genius, citing in proof of his statement the fact that Swinburne lost all his literary fire when he adopted the sober life, and that Zola's reputation waned with his material prosperity.

"My last recollection of Swinburne," Jerome remarked, "was at a banquet in London. During the evening, for comfort's sake, he had surreptitiously and unobserved removed his shoes. As we rose to depart we missed Swinburne, but were finally reassured by hearing his voice, coming from underneath the table,

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<sup>2</sup> See page 279.

“ ‘Oh, God — if there be a God — where are me bally boots! ’ ”

All this was so contrary to the Fletcher theories that an amusing discussion immediately ensued, good-natured but full of fireworks. Fletcher failed to force Jerome to yield, so clinched his argument with the retort that if the Englishman's theory was correct, then homes for inebriates should be considered as the greatest potential factories for literature.

Some one asked Jerome to explain the difference between English and American humor.

“There isn't any,” he declared. “It is only in superficialities that geography plays a part. Real humor is the same the world over. Like tragedy, it is in the heartbeats of all people alike. It is only where humor depends on local allusions that it fails to be universally understood.”

Thus encouraged, I ventured to relate my old, stand-by English story of the tramp down East who appeared at the kitchen door of a farmhouse in Maine, and asked for something to eat.

“We don't give food to tramps unless they work for it,” the farmer's wife declared.

“That's all right,” the tramp replied genially. “I'm ready to work. What do you want me to do? ”

“If you'll go out in the woodshed,” the woman told him, “and split up the logs you find there, I'll give you a good meal.”

The tramp took up the work at once. In a surprisingly short space of time he returned to the farmhouse and asked for his promised reward. The farmer's wife was suspicious. An inspection of the woodshed, however, showed all the logs carefully split except one gnarled, knotty old stick. Not quite 100%, but good enough; and the woman, well satisfied, placed a bounteous repast before the tramp. As he ate she said:

"I wish you'd tell me how you split those logs so quickly and so easily."

The tramp regarded her whimsically, between mouthfuls.

"Why, I simply stood beside them and told them funny stories, and they split themselves."

This was too deep for the farmer's wife, so she allowed him to finish his meal in silence, and depart.

The next day there was a tremendous racket in the woodshed. The farmer's wife rushed out to discover what had happened, and found that the gnarled, knotty old log had split into a dozen fragments.

It was a piece of English walnut.

In spite of Jerome's confident statement at the beginning of the discussion, he was the only one who failed to get the point!

We spoke of some of his contemporaries, and I related what Maurice Hewlett had said to me in connection with his "Queen's Quair":

"I have always wanted to write history," I quoted

Hewlett — “but not the way history has always been written. There are certain acts attributed to the chief characters which, if these characters are studied analytically, are obviously impossible; yet, because a certain event has once been recorded, it keeps on being repeated and magnified until history itself becomes a series of distortions.”

Jerome was intensely interested. “I’m not sure that I agree wholly with Hewlett in that statement,” he said; “but I would rather be an historian than anything else in the world. Every writer in his heart feels the same way. The story teller plays the part of nurse to his audience of grown-up children, while humorists play the clown; but in writing history one is dealing with something basic, something real. The ‘Queen’s Quair’ is an epoch-making book, and I hope Hewlett won’t let himself be discouraged by precedent-baked, idiotic critics from carrying out a really big idea.”

“Three Men in a Boat” and “The Passing of the Third Floor Back” are classics which entitle Jerome to grateful remembrance. Perhaps I resented his slander of America more than I should, but, even so, I frankly think he went too far!

There could be no greater contrast in the personalities of two men than was to be found in the aggressive insularity of Jerome K. Jerome and the suave,

tactful English gentleman as portrayed by William J. Locke. Locke had graduated from the position of secretary of the Royal Institute of British Architects, which he so gracefully filled from 1897 to 1907, before I had the pleasure of knowing him. The great success that came with the publication of his "Beloved Vagabond" in 1906 encouraged him to embrace literature as his vocation, and this new profession provided ample opportunity for his innate charm of manner and expression to expand into an extraordinarily appealing personality.

Our first meeting came through the coincidence that we were fellow-members of the old Garrick Club. Unlike any other London social institution, there is a Garrick tradition which produces a far more potent bond, particularly when members meet outside of England, than I have ever experienced in any similar organization. While I was in Cannes his lovely Villa des Arcades opened wide its hospitable doors.

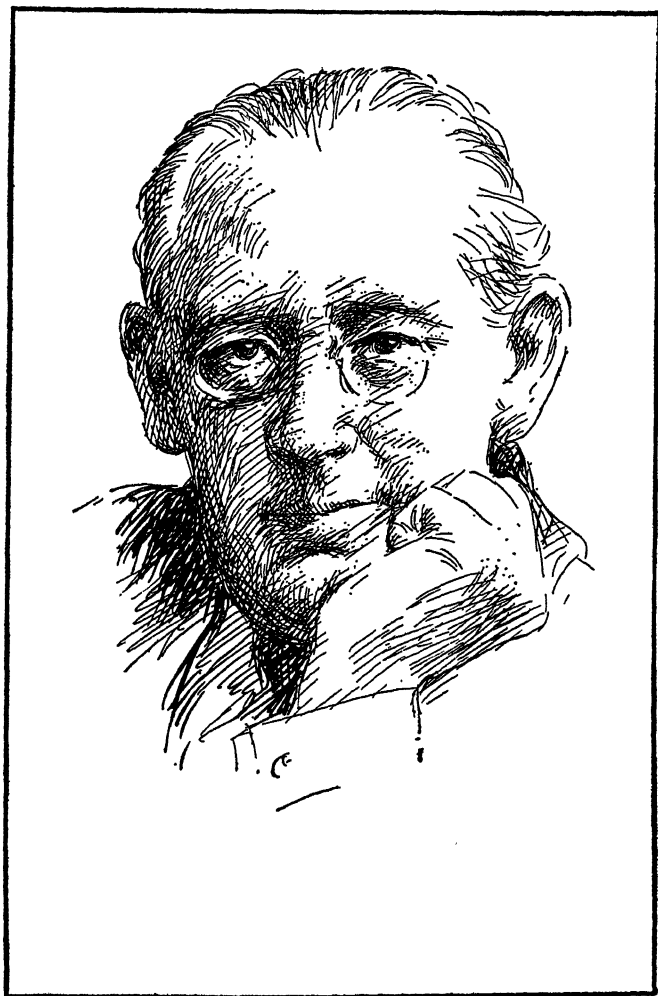
Located halfway up the sharp incline from the Croisette, the villa offered a magnificent view of the Mediterranean and of Ile Ste. Marguerite — on which the Man in the Iron Mask is said to have been confined. Sitting with Locke one day in his study, I turned my glance from the window, through which the green of the lawn and the bright colored flowers of the garden blended into the deep blue of the sea beyond:

"I give you no credit for writing as you do," I said, smiling, "when Nature supplies you with such incentive. It would show greater restraint if you were able to keep from writing."

Locke's laugh was a part of him. He was tall, with a thin, smooth, ascetic face. Always perfectly groomed, his graceful, dignified movements suggested the finished historian rather than the whimsical novelist — yet when he smiled one saw the real Locke. His eyes sparkled, his face wrinkled, and the pucker that came to his lips expressed a challenge not to take him too seriously.

"Think so?" he asked lightly. Then he leaned forward and took from a drawer a few sheets of manuscript of "The Coming of Amos," on which he was at that time engaged. "There you are," he continued, pushing them toward me. "I'm fed up on writing for the moment. Suppose you carry on."

And, curiously enough, quite unintentionally, I took him at his word! Locke was in the habit of writing during the quiet of the night, and the day at the Villa des Arcades began at noon when he welcomed his friends at what he called "the Locketail Hour." Before leaving America, a story had gone the rounds to the effect that when Locke was in the States, a reporter had pestered him for an interview. At last, fairly cornered, the victim yielded, and, as the story



*William F. Locke*





went, resignedly asked the reporter at what hour the following day he would like to call.

"How about nine o'clock?" the reporter inquired.

"Ah! but I have a dinner engagement," Locke is supposed to have answered, thinking he saw a way out of the dilemma.

"But I mean nine o'clock in the morning," his inquisitor insisted.

"Nine o'clock in the morning?" The novelist was credited with repeating the words in genuine surprise. "Is there such an hour?"

When I asked Locke if the story was true, he rose to his feet.

"No," he replied; "but it's going to be. That is just what I need for 'Amos.' I asked you to carry on, and you've given me my cue!"

Locke was particularly interested in the fact that I was still in active business, and wrote my books in my spare time.

"I did that for ten years," he remarked, "averaging a book a year; but it proved to be only an aggravation. Each new story made my office work seem more hateful. Fortunately my 'Beloved Vagabond' showed me the way out."

"Don't you miss the contact with the world's activities?" I asked him. "I have been tempted many times to drop out of business and devote myself to my avocation. But whenever I have stood face to face

with the crisis, I have felt that to separate myself from the competition that comes with business affairs would take from the vitality of my writing."

"You're right to a certain extent," he acknowledged. "I do miss the daily contact I had at the Institute. I miss London and the friends at the dear old Garrick. The people I meet now don't fit into my stories at all, which perhaps explains why my characters are so outrageously fantastic —"

"Yet you make them live and breathe," I interrupted. "No matter how unreal your imaginary people might seem if analyzed in cold blood, they all have their purpose in life, and your readers accept them as people who easily might have been."

"I hope so," Locke said seriously. "I think I might have made a good actor, had I chosen that profession. My test of a new character is to ask myself if I could act his part on the stage. If I convince myself that I can do that, I go ahead and act him out in the story."

In this statement Locke revealed his great success as a story teller. No writer has so perfectly portrayed his varying moods in his books. There is no one of his whimsical characters he himself could not have impersonated. There is no incident so "outrageously fantastic," to use his own expression, that I cannot clothe it with plausibility in associating it with its inventor. The people in his stories, whatever their station, are possessed of ideas and ideals. Even when he

turns to the sad side of life, he leaves his reader with an undefined conviction that the events are inevitable, and that out of them good must follow.

I had always enjoyed a Locke story, but after I came to know him they assumed an autobiographical character which of course was not warranted. No writer ever turned phrases more happily, or left his reader in more cheerful mood. Now that his last story has been written, I find myself re-reading those with which I am so familiar, seeing Locke himself acting out the fantastic parts in that idealistic theatre set in his study, through the open window of which I looked across the green grass and the bright colored flowers to the blue Mediterranean and Ile Ste. Marguerite beyond.

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## V · *From A Publisher's Easy Chair*

SIR SIDNEY LEE ~ JEAN JULES JUSSERAND ~ AUSTIN  
DOBSON ~ HENRY JAMES

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THE most ambitious flight I ever took in the field of publishing was the conception and carrying through of an edition of Shakespeare's works. The number of Shakespeare editions is, of course, legion, but what I sought to achieve was a publication that should not only satisfy scholarly demands, but would appeal essentially to the booklover. The Text of the Plays had already been definitely standardized in the scholarly Cambridge edition. This I secured the right to use. The Notes of the Cambridge edition were also, at that time, considered standardized, but here there seemed to be an opportunity to add to their human interest while retaining their scholarly value. For this undertaking I arranged for the coöperation of Sir Sidney Lee, the outstanding Shakespeare authority. There had been no complete series of illustrations for the Plays since those by Boydell in 1801. I arranged with the leading artists of the day to prepare adequate pictorial presentation.

Then came the chief development of my original idea. In all previous editions the Introductory Essays

to the various Plays had been prepared by a single expert. I asked myself if it would not be a novel and revealing adventure to invite the leading men-of-letters of the world to supply these Essays, each, so far as was possible, being assigned his favorite Play. No writer can attain distinction in literature without possessing familiarity with the Great Poet. By the same token, no famous writer, even though not a Shakespeare authority, could fail to contribute richly of his personality in expressing his own views upon a particular, selected Play.

The idea appealed immediately to the various men-of-letters who were selected, and the success attained by these writers in their approach to the various Plays was attested by the ultimate large sale of sets in America, England, and Australia.

In the course of the undertaking I was naturally brought in contact with the contributing essayists. In many cases the relations between us never passed beyond the perfunctory status of publisher and author. In a few instances our professional acquaintance developed into personal association. I am indebted to William Shakespeare (with certain indirection) for the privilege of knowing the "celebrities" included in this chapter, and I hereby acknowledge my grateful obligation.

Sir Sidney Lee was a unique personality. Beyond the admitted profundity of his Shakespearian schol-

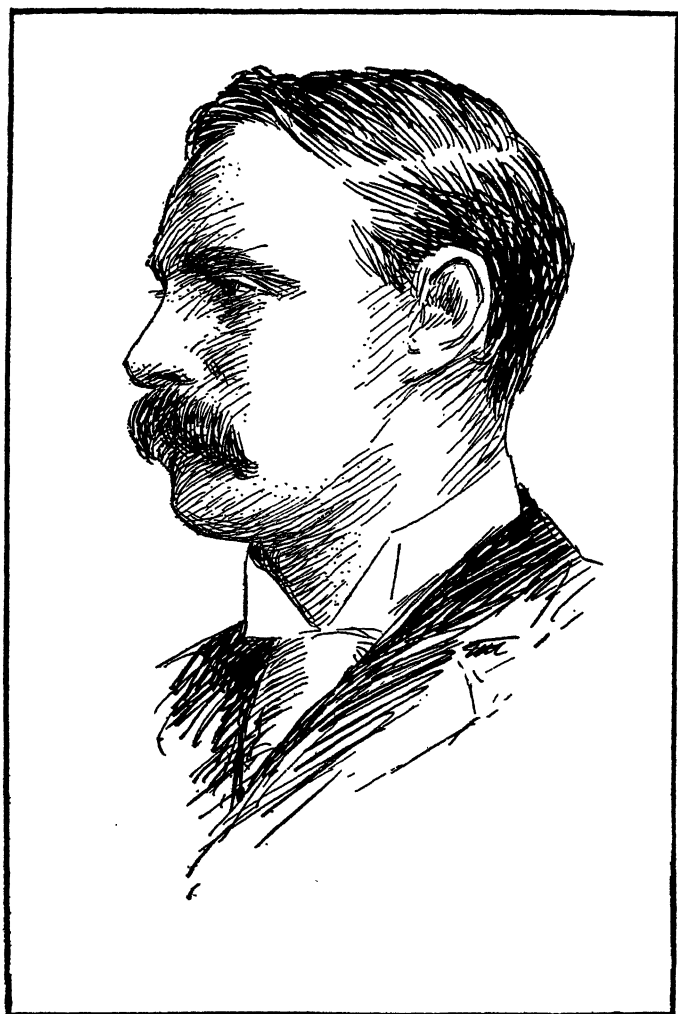
arship, he was internationally famous as the editor of the monumental English "Dictionary of National Biography," and as the intimate biographer of the Royal family of England. His "Reign of King Edward VII," published a year after the author's death, still remains the definitive record of that period.

Sir Sidney represented that high type of intellectual Jew for whom Disraeli established an honored place in England. As a student at Oxford he attracted the attention and affection of Dr. Benjamin Jowett, master of Balliol College, by his extraordinary intellectual qualities, and the older man frequently invited the youth to his home. One evening Doctor Jowett, after regarding him in silence for several moments, said deliberately:

"You have a wonderful future ahead of you except for the handicap of your name. No man called Solomon Lazarus could ever hope for success. I hereby christen you 'Sidney Lee.'"

Thus, with nothing left of his original name but the initials, Solomon Lazarus carved out his extraordinary career under his adopted name of Sidney Lee, winning countless literary and academic honors, and finally receiving knighthood at the hand of his King.

Lee and I were naturally thrown much together in planning out and carrying through the details of the Shakespeare edition. At his home in Kensington, London, we discussed the various texts, analyzed the



*Sir Sidney Lee*





different annotators, and selected the various essayists. From that happy association I learned much concerning the famous Bard and his work, and even more of a very unusual modern character, as exemplified by Lee himself. The keenness of his estimates, the clarity of his analytical studies, made it quite evident why Doctor Jowett had been so attracted by this shy, unusual personality.

We had a long discussion before we decided to invite Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England, to write the Introductory Essay to Shakespeare's "Poems," and arrived at no conclusion before I left London. Lee was strongly set against it, while I could see no possible way to avoid the obvious propriety of recognizing the Laureateship. During the correspondence which followed, Lee wrote me:

"The office of Poet Laureate is a curious survival. The duties consist of composing birthday odes and such trifles. There is no salary, but the poet finds a ready market for his works. He is, besides, I believe, entitled to an annual butt of wine, whether malmsey or not I do not know. Perhaps this perquisite has fallen into disuse. When it was suggested in the Commons that, in regard to the office of Poet Laureate, the holder might be held to have retired for good on the demise of a wearer of the Crown, in which case the poet might well be abolished, Lord Salisbury regarded the matter as entirely for the King's decision.

The King, who had no great opinion of Mr. Austin, wrote on the point (March 26, 1901):

“ ‘I always thought that Mr. Austin’s appointment was not a good one, but as long as he gets no pay it would, I think, be best to renew the appointment in his favor. . . . The appointment was made by the prime minister.’ ”

“On 3d November, 1901, the King sent Lord Salisbury some verses by Mr. Austin, and called Lord Salisbury’s attention to the ‘trash which the Poet Laureate writes.’ ”

This might seem conclusive, but I continued stubborn. I still felt that the Poet Laureate’s name was of value to our list, and I had also discovered that Austin expressed himself far more acceptably in prose than he did in poetry. I replied to Lee that inasmuch as we had the precedent of King Edward retaining him in office, I thought that we should include him among our essayists. Lee yielded gracefully, but the reply I received from Austin to my cordially worded invitation caused me to question my own judgment. He accepted promptly, and then added:

“It would be necessary for you to assure me that in any advertisement of your projected work, in your Lists of Contributors, and in all similar respects, the Laureate would be given priority and precedence over all other contributors.”

At first I was inclined to withdraw the invitation;

then his colossal egotism appealed to my sense of humor. I have seldom written a more candid reply to any letter. I endeavored to convey to him the definite information that the condition he imposed could be considered only because from the beginning it had been the intention of the publisher to announce the names of the contributors in alphabetical order, which placed his name at the head of the list.

My attempt at satire was wasted! Austin saw nothing but agreeable flattery in my letter, and expressed his grateful appreciation. I was properly shamed! I should add that his essay was exceptionally able, and completely relieved all earlier misgivings.

My intimacy with Sir Sidney continued long after the publication of the Shakespeare, and lasted up to his death in 1926. He used to delight to take me with him on excursions with curiously divergent objectives. I remember a happy day spent with him on the River Thames, when we went back and forth to Greenwich for the ostensible purpose of sharing a whitebait dinner at Ship Tavern when in reality our day was devoted to a discussion of the Stratford Theatre, and kindred subjects. Another time, on a beautiful moonlight night, we went together to see an open-air performance in a neighboring private garden of Milton's "Comus," and a masque of Ben Jonson's. Then there were, of course, innumerable visits to Stratford. Lee, as head of the Stratford Trus-

tees, made such visits of extraordinary interest to a guest — so much so that I never returned there alone but once. The associations were too poignant.

When Sir Sidney came to Boston in 1903, to deliver his Lowell Institute lectures, he was my guest, and in my library we continued our discussions just where we had dropped them in London. It was his first and only visit to America. Now it was my turn to advise and to guide, and I eagerly seized the opportunity to reciprocate.

While in Boston, Lee accepted an invitation to address the students one afternoon at Wellesley College. When he returned to my home that evening, he threw himself exhausted into an easy chair, pulled out his pipe, and filled it with unusual deliberation. After he had lighted it, he drew the clouds of aromatic smoke with seemingly undue viciousness, and I heard him mutter to himself:

“Six hundred women — not another man — nothing to drink — no chance to smoke — what a country!”

The vastness of America staggered him. He had accepted invitations to lecture in cities as far separated as Boston and San Francisco. Being his own manager, he had made out his itinerary before leaving London, and I had difficulty in persuading him that there were geographical reasons why he could not appear in Chicago and Portland, Oregon, on successive evenings.

Our American manners and customs confused him. His bachelor life, spent among books rather than people, within that impregnable castle which is an Englishman's hereditary prerogative, had produced a viewpoint that caused me many surprises. He knew every inch of his prescribed literary kingdom, but the world outside was filled with terrifying realities from which he shrank. Nothing could have persuaded him to venture on a second American Odyssey.

We left Boston that year upon the same day — he for his western American trip and I for England by way of Italy and the Continent. We reached London two months later within a few days of each other, and Sir Sidney gave a luncheon at the old Garrick Club in honor of our reunion. The other guests were English friends, and our host entertained us by relating his adventures in Darkest America.

The most amusing and revealing of these recitals was his account of a dinner that Andrew Carnegie had given in his honor at the Carnegie mansion in New York. Lee described the gathering, which included many American celebrities, as they assembled in the drawing room. When dinner was announced, Carnegie summoned Archie, the piper — an indispensable feature in the family *ménage* — who appeared in full kilts, and led the procession into the dining hall, playing lustily on the pipes. Carnegie seized Sir Sidney by the hand, and fell in directly behind, trying to

induce the dignified and bewildered *littérateur* to match his steps in a Highland fling.

The spirit of informality and play which Carnegie deliberately inaugurated on that occasion was reflected in the speeches, much to Sir Sidney's embarrassment.

"Mark Twain actually made sport of his host," Lee declared to us in horrified disapproval; "and John Burroughs told anecdotes which reflected seriously upon Mr. Carnegie's decorum."

Sir Sidney's utter lack of humor made his comments on various contemporaries unwittingly amusing, but always enlightening. From his association with the great "Dictionary of National Biography" he knew everything about everybody. Celebrities possessed no glamour for him, and his frank remarks concerning people usually surrounded by the sacrosanct atmosphere of greatness sometimes seemed nothing less than sacrilegious.

Through Lee I learned the wisdom of preserving a degree of perspective in regarding the luminaries of the world!

Ambassador Jean Jules Jusserand had once told me that "Winter's Tale" was his favorite Play of Shakespeare, and that he had made an exhaustive study of the Text. This qualified him as an obvious choice to prepare that particular Introduction. The necessity of

conferences in connection with this work gave me a delightfully intimate knowledge of the personality of a wonderful man.

To have known Jusserand as an author or as a diplomat, without realizing the consummate skill with which he combined his dual vocations, was to miss knowing the man himself. His career was an impressive demonstration of the value of the Continental method of training diplomats as contrasted with the American system of awarding strategic posts as rewards for political party service.

"I never had any other thought in mind," Jusserand once told me, "than to represent France in the diplomatic corps. My schooling was directed entirely toward that end, and, in that schooling, training as a writer was considered as of major importance. My ambition, naturally, was that some day I would be *couronné* as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Not that my ambition has failed to be realized in having spent all these years in America," he hastened to add, "but in my youth Washington was not looked upon as it is now. Then, the only question between our two countries seemed to be the tariff, but now —"

Jusserand's instinctive modesty prevented him from accepting credit for having himself developed his position into what it became during his incumbency. Throughout those years before the World War, the French Ambassador quietly met the insidi-

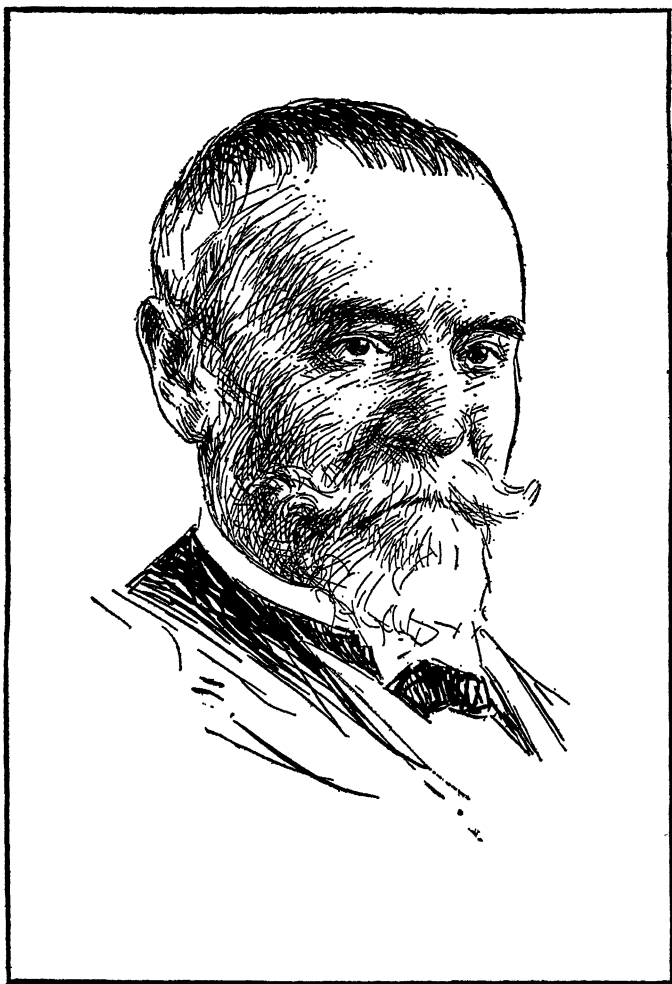


ous German propaganda by unostentatiously reminding the American people of the closeness of the international relationship with France from the time Lafayette placed his sword at the service of the new Republic, and less famous Frenchmen gave their lives to help win American independence. No single influence contributed so much as Jusserand's to make America eager to give reciprocal coöperation when the crisis arrived.

Jusserand represented that side of the French character that Americans love and admire. His sense of humor, his tolerance, his sympathetic understanding combined to create a personality miles away from the unfortunate impression of the typical Frenchman brought back by our Crusaders returning after the World War, and since then emphasized by the attitude of the French Government toward America. The Ambassador could not have failed to suffer poignantly to see so much of his work undone when the France which he so perfectly represented passed into the control of political elements with which he had no sympathy.

One day, when I expressed my appreciation that he had done so much to counteract the impression abroad that we Americans were nationally what has since come to be known as "Babbitts," he countered by saying:

"That, my friend, is what Europeans would like



*Jean Jules Jusserand*



to accept as a true picture of your countrymen, but in their hearts they know better. Your Barrett Wendell<sup>1</sup> did the same thing for us in his 'France of To-day,' when he gave a true picture of home life in France, which so many Americans seem to think lacking in French civilization."

I have already recorded<sup>2</sup> an afternoon I once spent with President Theodore Roosevelt at the White House. In this I spoke of the abrupt termination of our visiting when the President suddenly recalled that he had made an appointment with Ambassador Jusserand to play tennis. That same evening Mrs. Orcutt and I dined at the French Embassy, and when we arrived were received by Madame Jusserand, the charming and accomplished Ambassadors, who made apologies for her husband's temporary absence. While we chatted, she told us that she was an American, related to the Boston Lawrences, born abroad, and that her first visit to this country had been when she came to Washington in her official capacity.

Suddenly Jusserand entered the drawing room.

"I am so sorry, my friends," he exclaimed. "But your President — your strenuous President —"

I could but smile at the expression on his face.

"Ah!" the Ambassador continued. "He will certainly be the finish of me. We played two sets of tennis, then he said, 'We're only warmed up now."

<sup>1</sup> See page 30.

<sup>2</sup> See page 79.

What do you say to a little dog-trot? ' What could I say? We ran about half a mile, and then he said, ' That's fine! Now let's play push ball.' So we pushed the ball for fifteen minutes, then he exclaimed, ' That's great! What do you want to do now? ' As I sat down, I said, ' If it's just the same to you, Mr. President, I should like to lie down and die! ' That, my friends, is why I have to make my excuses for being late in giving you my welcome."

After this, it was natural that our conversation at dinner should have turned upon the subject of sport rather than politics. Few realize, perhaps, that Jusserand is an accepted authority on the history of tennis, or that his volume, "*Les Sports et Jeux d'Exercice dans l'ancienne France*," is credited with having stimulated his countrymen to cast aside their one-time indifference to physical exercise, and become champions of the world in the particular sport he loved the best.

Because of his country's unfriendly attitude toward America, I am inclined to think that, in spite of the facts, Jusserand's name will go down to posterity, in this country at least, as that of a great writer rather than as that of a great diplomat. This is unfortunate, as he is justly entitled to fame in both capacities. But literature is not subject to political chicanery. His volumes, "*Les Anglais au Moyen Age*" and "*Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais*," which so wonder-

fully interpret the English during and since the reign of Elizabeth, and his "With Americans of Past and Present Days," which so perfectly portrays the America in which he lived, will stand for all time as vital contributions.

My first meeting with (Henry) Austin Dobson was arranged by Marion H. Spielmann, then editor of the English Magazine of Art, at luncheon at the Arts Club in London. Never had a preconceived idea of a personality been more rudely shaken! Dobson's penetrating monographs on Fielding, Steele, Goldsmith, Hogarth, Richardson, and Horace Walpole, had made him the interpreter-in-chief of the eighteenth century, and my familiarity with these had prepared me for a personage of scholarly appearance and discriminating subtlety. His fascinating and delicate *triolets*, *rondeaux*, and *rondels* had suggested as their author a man of supersensitive individuality.

In striking contrast to all this, the Austin Dobson I met at the Arts Club appeared phlegmatic and heavy. Spielmann, our host, has always been famous as a brilliant conversationalist, yet not even his scintillations succeeded in arousing Dobson from his seeming lethargy. In fact, the only original comment the poet made during that luncheon hour was in response to my congratulations on the announcement, just published in the daily press, that the British Govern-

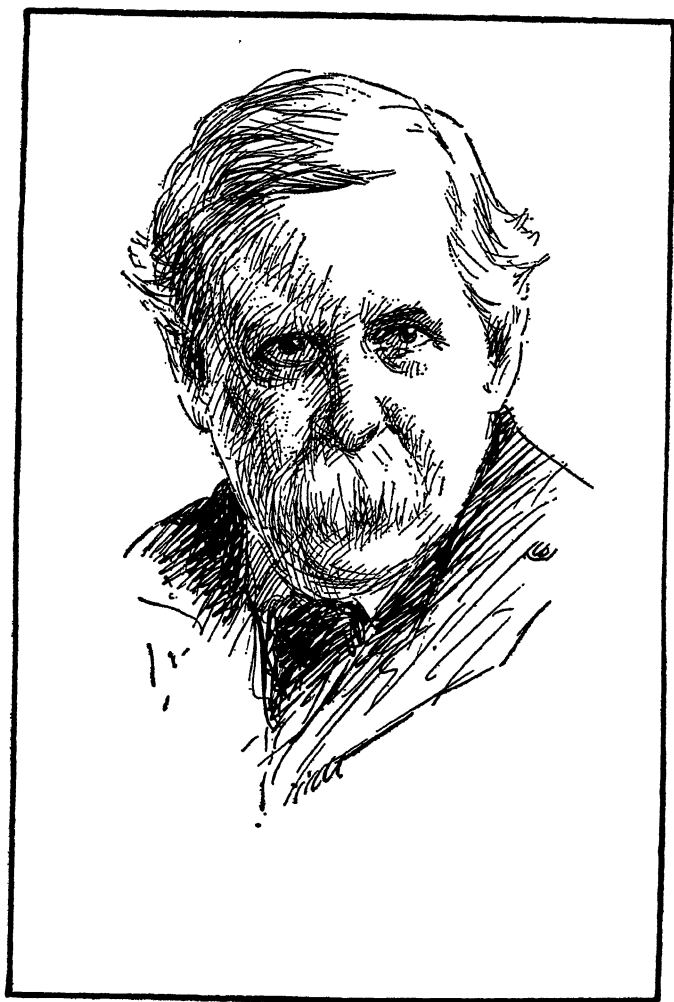
ment had bestowed upon him an annuity of £1000 "for distinguished service to the Crown."

Dobson shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know why in the world they have given me this," he replied deprecatingly, "unless it is because I am the father of ten children."

Later, I came to know the real Austin Dobson. As we became better acquainted his innate shyness and modesty wore off, and those characteristics suggested by his writings became clearly revealed with other more intimate traits which warmly endeared him to me as to his other friends. As his guest at Ealing, I chatted with him for hours at a time under the great trees which surrounded the tennis court back of his house.

Here he told me of the forty-five grinding years he had spent as clerk in the Board of Trade office, eventually becoming a principal in the harbors department. It seemed amazing that, with his unassuming personality, he should have been able at last to lift himself out of such an unimaginative atmosphere into the higher plane shown in his writings. Perhaps the prosaic environment was what kept him from realizing the coarseness and indecency of the period he glorified.

One afternoon at tea, over which Mrs. Dobson presided with characteristic English punctiliousness, our conversation turned on literary methods. Dobson had



*Austin Dobson*





not recovered from his surprise over the discovery that I combined the vocation of business executive with the avocation of novelist, and he seemed curious to learn from me why each did not conflict with the other. I did not know until later that he had a subtle purpose in encouraging me to talk of my dual interests in his wife's presence.

"I have always wanted to write a novel," he remarked innocently. "Prose is a much more satisfying medium of expression than poetry. But Mrs. Dobson would never let me —"

I could see the figure at the tea-table stiffen.

"I should say *not*," Mrs. Dobson exclaimed with much emphasis. "There's enough fiction in our daily lives without adding to it. My husband would have lost what little reputation he has if he had stooped to that."

After a moment's abrupt pause in the conversation, we continued on safer ground. Later, Hugh Thomson, the famous artist-illustrator of Dobson's work, who happened to be present, took me aside and explained that novels and novel-writing formed Mrs. Dobson's chief aversion, and her husband was always slyly baiting her. It was an amusing side play, but I was relieved by Thomson's assurance that the respectability of my business vocation acted as a palliative to my literary indiscretions. Ever since then I have wondered if I were a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!

There were two curious things about Dobson's literary methods. First, his handwriting in his compositions was quite different from his natural penmanship, as shown in the signature. His professional hand was formal and stereotyped — so clear as almost to resemble engraving; his natural hand was the normal, flowing style of an easy penman. I have examples of both which seem written by two vastly differing personalities.

As to the composition itself, he not only planned his work entirely in his head, but he actually completed the mental writing before placing his hand to paper.

"When I take my pen," he told me, "it is simply to copy out lines which I can see clearly before me, even to the interlinear corrections. I almost never make a change after my work has been once written."

At another time, Dobson came to my London hotel for tea with my family and me. On the table there chanced to be lying a large, quarto, two-volume edition of "Don Quixote," which I had picked up on one of the old bookstalls on the Quai Voltaire in Paris. Dobson was particularly interested in the beauty of the letter-press and the charm of the Doré illustrations.

"This edition," he declared at length, laying the volume down, "is absolutely perfect."

"No," I disagreed, smiling. "It still requires your 'Ode to Cervantes,' written on the flyleaf."

The poet laughed. "That defect is easily remedied," he said graciously. "Send the first volume to me at Ealing and I will write the 'Ode' out for you."

When, in due time, the book came back to me, it was accompanied by a note of apology.

"When I copied the 'Ode' on the flyleaf," Dobson wrote, "it looked so lost on the great page that I ventured to add the poem I composed for the tercentenary. I hope you won't mind."

Austin Dobson was looked upon as the logical choice for Poet Laureate when Salisbury so unexpectedly appointed Alfred Austin to that post.<sup>3</sup> I question whether he would have accepted it if offered, and I feel confident that had it been forced upon him he would have found the responsibility uncomfortable. Dobson did not think along epic lines. He lived in a protected atmosphere far removed from contact with national events which call for a Poet Laureate's clarion notes. His contribution was the re-introduction into England from France of the *ballade* and the *chante royal*, the *rondel*, the *rondeau*, the *triolet*, and the *villanelle* — fascinating but obsolete poetical forms — in which he became interested through his French grandmother, and which he so charmingly interpreted because of his Gallic inheritance.



<sup>3</sup> See page 197.

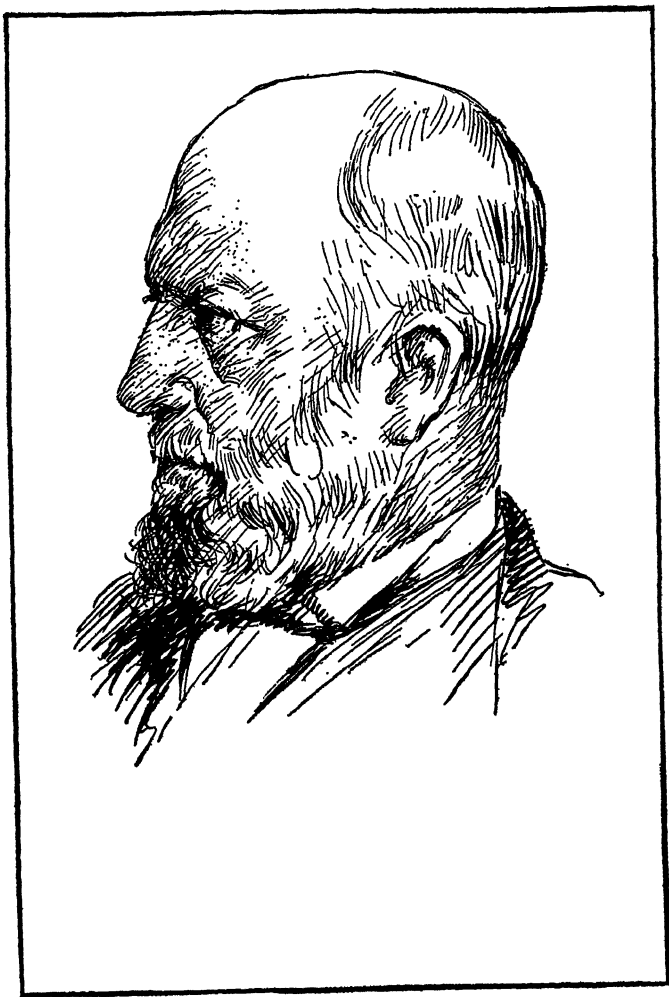
Sir Sidney Lee had arranged for me to meet Henry James at dinner in London, in order to discuss the possibility of having him write the Introductory Essay to "The Tempest."

"Don't be surprised if he is brusque or uncivil," Sir Sidney whispered just before he presented me; "one never can tell how he is going to act."

Frankly, I have never been an admirer of the James literary style. In his earlier works, particularly in "Roderick Hudson," I recognized the strength of his character study and what might perhaps be called his intellectual acuteness. At that time a novel attempting to hold its reader by means of painstaking analysis and observation, or by sheer subtlety of suggestion, was unknown, and these volumes interested me as representing a literary innovation. Even so, my attitude was that of a student rather than of a reader who absorbs a story because he enjoys it. Henry James' later work showed so obviously that his writing had become a personal adventure, in which the author sought to discover how much emphasis he could give to thoughts of really minor consequence by clothing them in involved and ponderous verbal expressions, that I gave him up in despair.

But, still, I wanted Henry James to write that essay for "The Tempest"! During the dinner he asked the reason why.

"Because it is the only one of Shakespeare's Plays,"



*Henry James*



I answered, "in which we directly touch Shakespeare the man, and I believe that your analysis of him would be a contribution to Shakespeariana."

He was obviously pleased. "I accept the commission with great anticipation," he responded promptly. "I will challenge this artist — the monster and magician of a thousand masks, and make him drop them if only for an interval."

Never once, during the several meetings we had, were Sir Sidney's apprehensions confirmed. Perhaps our mutual friendship for Horace Fletcher,<sup>4</sup> the apostle of dietetic reform, served as a common meeting ground. Perhaps, as his acceptance and practice of the Fletcher theories had cured him of lifelong chronic indigestion, the aggravating cause of what Lee had considered ill temper, had been removed.<sup>5</sup> At all events, his feeling for Fletcher was nothing less than genuine affection:

"God bless him!" he exclaimed when we first spoke of Fletcher, "as he goes on his way, diffusing his golden light in a gobbling, scrambling, guzzling, fatuous, and fallacious generation."

Later Henry James invited me to Lamb House, his home at Rye, in Sussex. After once seeing it, no one could imagine him living anywhere else, or any one but Henry James living among these typically personal surroundings. The house was Georgian — lo-

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<sup>4</sup> See page 279.

<sup>5</sup> See page 285.



cated at the top of a winding street, giving a view of the sea and the marshes between.

When I was announced, James came in from the garden, still holding in his hand a book, the reading of which I had interrupted. His greeting appeared to be a part of an established ritual, and the formality seemed somewhat to temper the cordiality of his welcome. This could not have been otherwise, with my host true to type. Henry James always felt himself the lion—at home, in London drawing rooms, or wherever he might be. He expected to attract attention, and his personality commanded it. As an impartial witness, I can testify that he impressed me at once as being fully entitled to his own estimate of himself.

Yet I soon discovered that all this was a mask, as unreal as that which he had boasted he would tear from Shakespeare's face. My friendship with his brother, William James, was another immediate bond of sympathy, and it was not long before he was talking freely of himself and of his work.

"I was never an American," he told me frankly. "My American birth and parentage were purely incidental. Even as a small boy, my favorite pastime was to lie on the rug and study the caricatures in *Punch*, whilst other boys of my own age were engaged in outdoor sports. There is no place in the world where you can study British characteristics as you can in *Punch*."

He lived in England and in Italy from his eleventh through his seventeenth year, assimilating the culture of his environment the more readily because of his natural receptiveness for it. On his return to Newport, Rhode Island, he found himself living in a home where the atmosphere peculiarly fitted into his idea of what life should be. His father was a writer on ethics and religion, whose style was impassioned and eloquent, and the quality of conversation he encouraged with his sons was kept on a level rarely maintained in any household. Perhaps there was no American family where the daily contact between its members was more brilliant or more abnormally original.

Here young Henry deliberately settled down to train himself to become a writer, and here was developed the Jamesian style which, under all the circumstances, could scarcely be considered an affectation. The only interruption was the brief time spent at the Harvard Law School, "where," James confided to me, "I studied little law, but learned much about books from James Russell Lowell."

Each time I met Henry James after this I felt that he had grown steadily in personal attractiveness, even though I found myself less and less interested in his writings. His style became more convoluted, and he seemed even more determined to tie himself up in complicated expressions. I have always wondered

what would have happened if his essay on "The Tempest" had been approached in this mood! In it, as a matter of fact, he returned to the simplicity and charm of his younger style. Could one ask for a clearer statement of the impression with which "The Tempest" leaves us than these words:

"Here at last the artist is so generalized, so consummate and typical, so frankly amused with himself, that it is as if he came to meet us more than his usual half way, and as if, thereby, in meeting *him*, and touching him, we were nearer to meeting and touching the man."

With the manuscript, came this characteristic letter:

"Of course you must have realized, from the first, for all your victims, how difficult, supremely, it is to say anything fresh, or in the least valuable, about Shakespeare — and how vain and undesirable it is, on the other hand, merely to go on parading old platitudes, or extracting the 'beauties' of individual Plays. Yet one must have a thesis — without it, one but wanders in the void; and the thesis can be, decently, now, but the result of something one has one's self sincerely and directly felt. What I most feel on the subject always is something that has seemed to me too little and too poorly said — in fact, almost not said at all. I have tried to say it, after my own poor fashion, but doing the very best for it I could, saying it *all*, so to speak,

and saying almost nothing else; and so commending it to your patience."

During the World War, Henry James lost that ever-present optimism which was his chief asset. The idea that such a situation was possible was simply beyond his comprehension, and the shock saddened him. Then he turned to work among the wounded soldiers to give to his energy an outlet which he could no longer find in his writing. For those who never knew Henry James personally, I can imagine no greater incongruity than the thought of this association, but to me it was simply a natural expression of that innate humanity which his life and training failed ultimately to restrain. I wish he might have written a novel after that experience. With his consummate power to transcribe phases of character into well defined and suggestive prototypes of men in conflict, tempered by his newly developed humanity, he could have given us a picture of the period beyond the reach of any other writer.

I have always been glad that my acquaintance and association with Henry James was before the War, yet I can easily believe that he became his truest self after he came face to face with conditions that outraged his intellectual faith.

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## VI · *Out Of The Great War*

HENRY P. DAVISON ~ EDWARD BOK ~ CARDINAL MER-  
CIER ~ BRAND WHITLOCK

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TWENTY years have passed since the world shook from the conflict of the Great War. In turning back to that period I am impressed by the vividness of every incident which made up my own experiences in America and overseas, thus associating itself, no matter how indirectly, with some phase which compositely made history. The tenseness of the atmosphere, the ever-present anxieties, the myriads of new responsibilities, the breathless speed with which even everyday affairs were conducted — all combined to make the photographic plates of our memories more sensitive in receiving their impressions.

Out of the hundreds of new acquaintances made as a result of a new community of interest, four men stand out preëminently in the pages of my notebooks — a financier, an editor, a priest, and a diplomat. Could one imagine a greater diversity of appeal! The War had, for the time being at least, stripped from each one the habiliments of his vocation, and clothed him with the recognized semblance of the Crusader. No commanding officer at the Front possessed greater

ability or instinct as a fighter, yet each of these four men contributed his service to achieve victory in a way vastly different from the other three. Our contacts were not frequent. Our conferences were largely impersonal. Yet because of the conditions surrounding our acquaintance, I feel myself to have come in closer touch with them than with many others whom I knew more intimately.

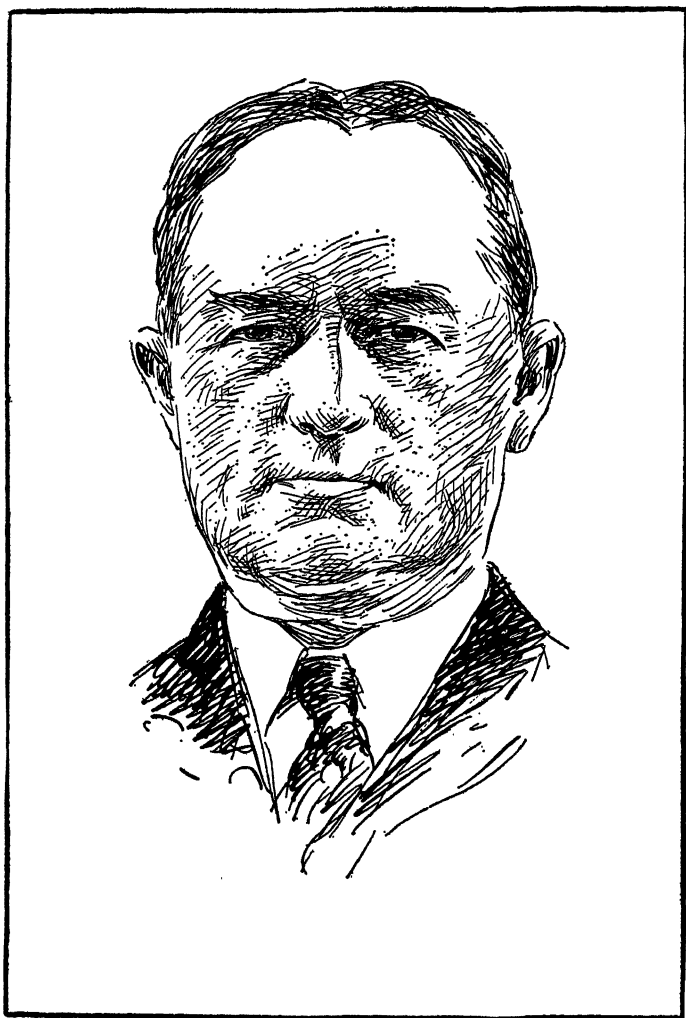
When I first met Henry P. Davison it would never have occurred to me that he could ever become a subject to be included among celebrities on or off parade. For years his name had been familiar as a partner in the House of Morgan, and as one of the ablest financiers of his generation; but to possess these qualities does not necessarily turn a man into a celebrity. When, however, Destiny selected Davison as its instrument to transform Florence Nightingale's original conception of the Red Cross into an inspired vision of extending succor to wounded nations rather than merely to individuals, Davison was definitely placed in a position to earn the coveted laurel wreath.

Up to the time when he was appointed Chairman of the Red Cross War Council by President Wilson, Davison had been interested in philanthropic enterprises only from the same standpoint as that assumed by any other wealthy man who contributes generously of his surplus to worthy causes. But the Red

Cross proposition seemed to suggest to Davison something beyond this. Here was an old, established organization facing present opportunities for service far beyond its accepted physical limitations. Could it be enlarged to meet the necessities? After all, the problem differed only in one way from what Davison had already demonstrated was practical in financial development; but in that single difference lay the crux of the whole matter: here, in the case of the Red Cross, the capital invested became an outright gift from the shareholders, with no thought of possible return. Could the public be brought to a point where they *preferred* human to cash dividends? The idea appealed to Davison's creative instinct, and he was intrigued to discover what the reaction would be.

The manner of our meeting was characteristic of the swiftness of his decisions. I had been Chairman of Publicity for the New England Division of the Red Cross in Boston. Pieces of my publicity reached Washington, and attracted Davison's attention. As Ivy Lee told me later, "Harry made no comment beyond saying to me, 'Wire Orcutt that I want to see him here in Washington.'"

Once in Washington, there was no alternative for me except to stay there. This demonstrated another of Davison's characteristics. He made no inquiries as to whether I was in a position to separate myself from business and family responsibilities; nor, curi-



*Henry P. Davison*





ously enough, did I advance any objection, even though many substantial ones existed. Davison thought he had discovered in me a cog that fitted into the great machine he was building, and when I accepted the assignment as a matter of course I was wholly unaware that I had paid a tangible tribute to his personal magnetism.

So it was that I watched the early chaos associated with the mushroom growth of the Red Cross, from 480,000 to over 2,000,000 members, gradually become transformed into a perfectly organized machine under Davison's masterly generalship. In June, 1917, came the first Red Cross drive for funds. The most daring member of the Council hesitatingly suggested \$10,000,000 as an objective. Davison did not argue, but made the laconic remark, "We are going out for \$100,000,000."

His associates were aghast. The word "impossible" was on every lip, but such was the confidence inspired by their Chairman that the word was never spoken. The Council went out for \$100,000,000, and the American nation, eager to place its contributions in the hands of an impeccable stewardship that could administer the funds better than the people themselves, contributed \$14,000,000 beyond the stipulated objective.

All this is history; but while history was being made, Davison himself was being transformed from a

hard-headed financier into a humanitarian agent of supreme effectiveness. Living as we did during those hectic months in Washington, and later when he called me to Europe, there were few opportunities for conversation which touched on personal matters, yet there was enough said to make me aware that Davison's early approach to the Red Cross had entirely changed. He had accomplished his constructive effort, and was content to leave the routine in the hands of his lieutenants. That phase was completed, and he might easily have dropped out of the organization, the recipient of unstinted credit for a great task well done.

While officially visiting one of the largest canteens in France, I discovered accidentally that the head of it was surprised and hurt that no word of commendation had ever come from Davison for the extraordinarily effective work accomplished, and universally acknowledged. When I next saw our Chief I mentioned the fact. For a moment he was silent.

"What X has done," he said at length, "ranks as one of the greatest achievements in the history of the Red Cross; but if I say that, it will be accepted as an official commendation. Each worker in the Red Cross is giving of himself to humanity. For one worker, like myself, to commend another worker, like X, would be to assume that X was working for me. That would be nothing less than presumptuous on my part. The

only commendation which counts with any one of us is that which each one gives to himself in the consciousness of work well done."

This leads me to speak of another phase, recognized by those of us who passed through the fire, to which I have never seen reference made. The common conception of the Red Cross during the World War was that of a gigantic benevolent organization rendering unparalleled humanitarian service. But beyond even the vast importance of that impersonal contribution stands the vital and direct effect the Red Cross work had upon the development of the workers themselves.

Davison was an outstanding example. He had learned that a man's real gift comes not from parting with surplus wealth but from personal sacrifice and service. He became a changed man. The fact that he had successfully organized his great machine into an efficient and powerful agent now seemed less important. His interests became centered not in finance, nor in organization, nor in consolidation. Nothing ever entered into his life that meant so much to him as the Red Cross, and what it stood for. He became obsessed with an overpowering determination to make sure that the machine he had created to promote the work he had fostered for humanity should continue to function for all time to come.

It has always seemed to me that Davison's vision

was the most inspired of any that came out of the World War — greater even than Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations. What he had in mind was in reality the apotheosis of the League of Nations idea. He undertook to develop a League of Red Cross Societies as an international organization subject to the limitations of no single nationality; financed by fixed contributions from governments rather than from individuals; absolutely independent of politics; responsive only to the call of humanity, with no consideration of race or geographical location. The call might come to relieve suffering from a tidal wave in Japan or from a drought in the western American states. The reaction would be the same.

The fulfillment of Davison's magnificent conception has been delayed by world conditions, but the essential plans, worked out in minutest detail, were fully prepared before he resigned his position as Chairman of the Red Cross War Council. There they stand. When once made effective, the world can but admit that few men ever conceived as fine a vision.

The world should find ample opportunity to form its own opinion of Edward Bok from his two volumes of autobiography, but to me they have always seemed to emphasize that side of his character which obscured the finer instincts that made of him one of America's ablest and most valuable adopted citizens.

One who reads these books might easily stamp their author as an egotist, whose obvious satisfaction with himself overshadowed and minimized the value of his work.

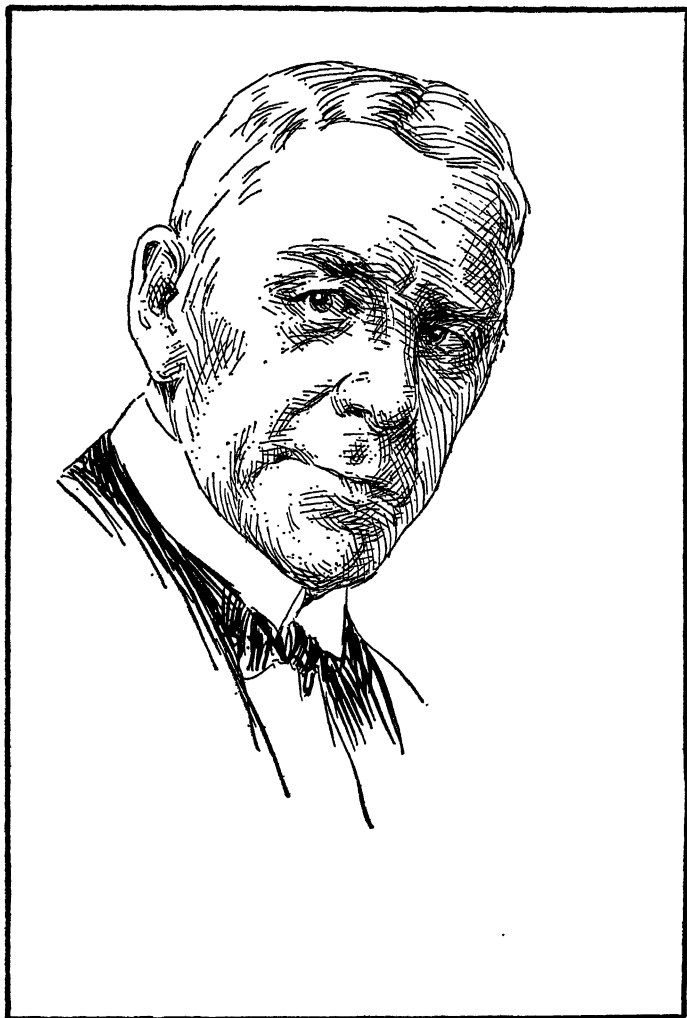
The first time I met Edward Bok I was confirmed in the unfavorable impression made upon me by his books. I was conducting a campaign, with offices in Boston, New York, Washington, and Paris, to bring leading American authors and editors together in the publication of stories based upon certain phases of Red Cross war work. The quality magazines had been strangely apathetic in the matter of opening their pages to anything which might seem even remotely to classify as Red Cross propaganda. Yet the Red Cross was making international history: its work with the soldiers overseas, in German prisons, in locating lost men, and in direct service to the victims of the World War was filled with drama and appealed strongly to thousands of American hearts.

Edward Bok was one of the earliest editors to fall into line. I did not know until later that President Wilson had unconsciously paved the way for my campaign in this instance by asking Bok, three months before America officially entered the War, to prepare the women of the country, through articles in the *Ladies' Home Journal* touching on the Red Cross, for the inevitable sacrifices they would have to make when we ourselves became directly involved.

During 1918 Bok was a frequent caller at my New York Red Cross office, and our business contact was devoted to discussions of subjects and authors and what his magazine was prepared to offer. These *honoraria*, I may say in passing, ran as high as \$5000 for a single article, and in many instances, after receiving payment, the authors turned their checks over to the Red Cross. Frequently Bok and I went out to lunch together. During these periods conversation was always devoted to Edward Bok — what he was doing and what he was going to do. With my mind concentrated upon matters which seemed to me so infinitely more important than the personal hobbies of any individual, I sometimes returned to my office after lunch thoroughly out of patience with what then seemed to me to be exhibitions of colossal egotism.

All this was just before Bok “relinquished” the editorship of the *Ladies’ Home Journal*. He spoke frequently and at length of his “dual personality” — of the constant conflict between Edward Bok, the editor, and Edward W. Bok, the man, and, without sensing it, he convinced me months before the break came, that he was discounting a coming event which might not be wholly voluntary.

Then, with the announcement of his successor, Bok started out on a new career. He had become a wealthy man; his salary as editor, as he freely stated



*Edward Bok*





to his friends, had been \$100,000 a year; he had made wise investments; he was in a position to demonstrate to the world that, instead of being relegated to the sidelines, his life work was just beginning. A favorite platitude of his, repeated over and over during our many meetings, was, "An egotist digs his own grave; a great man rears his own monument." Was it not natural that it should seem to me that from the moment Bok's association with the Ladies' Home Journal was severed, he, knowing himself to be a great man, began the rearing of his own monument?

The second period of our acquaintance came in 1928, when I spent my winter vacation at the Mountain Lake Club, at Lake Wales, in Florida. Here Bok had built a beautiful home and had just completed his famous "Sanctuary." During the years in between he had established a record for public foundations which had kept his name constantly before the people. There was the Bok "Philadelphia Award" of \$10,000, conferred each year upon that man or woman who had best served the largest interests of Philadelphia; there were the Bok "Citizen's Awards" of \$1000 each, to as many Philadelphia policemen or firemen as had performed conspicuous service; there were the Bok "Advertising Awards," made through the Harvard School of Business Administration; and, finally, came the Bok "American Peace Award" of \$100,000, offered for the best practical plan by which

the United States might coöperate with other nations to achieve and preserve the peace of the world.

I confess that all this had seemed to me nothing less than Edward Bok running true to form with a gigantic campaign of personal propaganda. Then came my visit with him at Mountain Lake. Here, amidst beautiful Florida surroundings, away from the conflicting turmoil of daily competitive living, I discovered an entirely different man. Not that he had changed, but in this undefiled atmosphere I could see him more clearly. We lunched together at his home, we chatted together in his library, but it was during our frequent visits to the "Sanctuary" that I really came to know him.

The area comprising the Sanctuary included fifty-three acres of the highest land in Florida. This Bok had transformed into an ideal spot of beauty, the crowning glory of which was his Bell Tower. I gained the impression from our conversation that Bok's vision was inspired by his Dutch grandfather's zeal in planting trees on the North Sea island where he lived, to give shelter to the storm-tossed birds. This later "sanctuary" was more inclusive, for Edward Bok knew from personal experience that human beings require respite from the world's turmoil as much as the birds of the air need protection from the elements.

Here he had brought together trees and plants in-

digenous to Florida which offered to the birds shelter among their branches and food from their fruits and berries. There were tropical grasses and ferns, cacti and palmetto, mulberry trees and dogwoods, wild magnolia and gordonias. The brilliant green of the wax myrtle served as a perfect background for the soft pinks, the reds, and the burnt orange of the wild azaleas. Stately white herons stalked about the edges of the dense pool, and the foliage was filled with countless varieties of birds.

Here we talked for hours — of our past experiences together for a time, but again, true to form, the conversation always turned back to Edward Bok. But now I failed to recognize the note of egotism which had previously annoyed me, yet it was there had I still been looking for it. By this time I had somehow become aware that the world's estimate of this man, in which I had participated, was based upon his non-essential method rather than upon his all-important purpose. Without that supreme self-confidence, to the expression of which even his friends had taken exception, Bok could never have overcome the early obstacles in forcing himself up from obscurity into prominence. Having been forced to keep the personal factor constantly in mind, it would be too much to expect that, with the goal once achieved, he should be able to adopt a normal attitude of self-effacement. But through it all he never lost his own perspective.

I have recently reread Bok's autobiographical "Twice Thirty." His frank statements relating to himself which previously irritated me now meant something entirely different. The man I came to know during those relaxing hours at the "Sanctuary" had found no time during his busy life to acquire conventions of speech or action. He knew that what he had done was well done, and without shame he admitted this to the world as freely as he did to himself. The many who have benefited by Edward Bok's benefactions have lost nothing because he enjoyed constituting himself Lord Bountiful. The birds and the flowers in the "Sanctuary," being free from human limitations, witnessed his self-satisfaction in having brought them together, but they loved him better for thus making himself a continuing part of the glorious adventure.

The greatest dividend that came to me from my Red Cross war work overseas was my personal contact with Cardinal Mercier. My official duties required conferences with him and with King Albert, but in those hectic days no advance appointments could be made. So, on a Sunday in March, 1919, I went by train from Paris to Brussels, where I was met by Col. John Van Schaick, Jr., our Commissioner for Belgium. After discussing the details of my mission, we decided that it was better for me to make

my tour of inspection in advance of my conferences; so Colonel Van Schaick courteously placed the Red Cross motor car at my disposal. This was an act of supreme self-denial, for petrol in Belgium then cost a dollar a litre, and the Red Cross staff was reduced to a single car!

In order to minimize the inconvenience, I left Brussels early the following Monday morning, agreeing to be back by noon on Wednesday. In the meantime, the Colonel was to arrange for my official audiences. By Tuesday evening I had reached La Panne, which had been the seat of the Belgian Government during the German occupation. This left a hundred and sixty miles to be covered by the following noon if I were to keep my promise to Colonel Van Schaick.

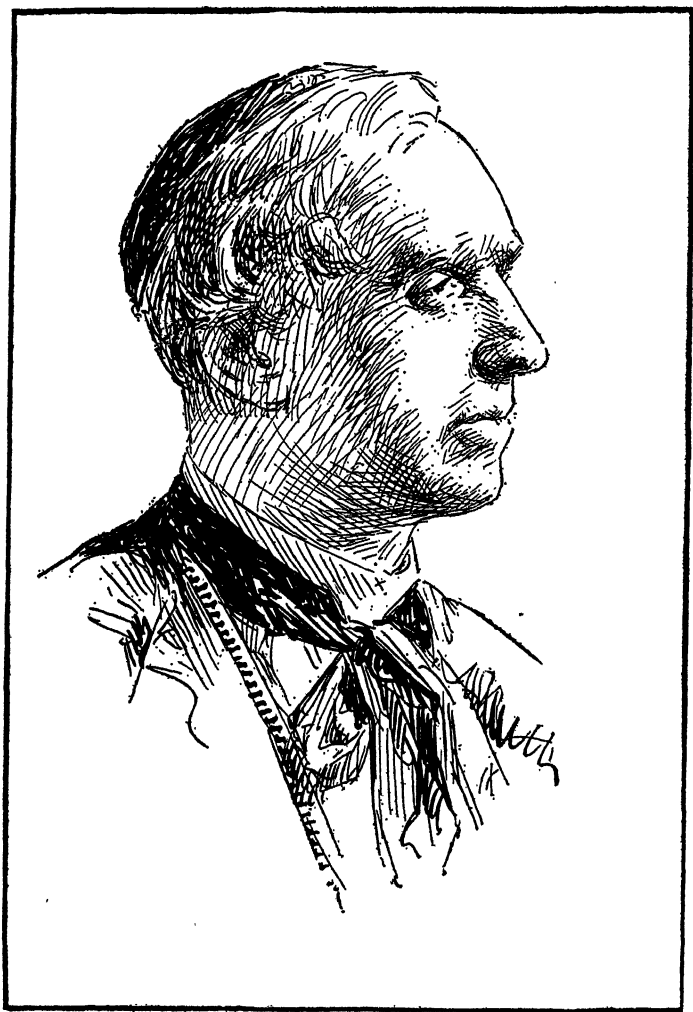
At daybreak on Wednesday my Belgian soldier-chauffeur had the car at the door, and we were off. Our road to Brussels took us through the still unsalvaged battlefield of Ypres, where, in the silent, barren stretch of tortured terrain, with mutilated, twisted trunks of trees, wrecked tanks, wings and blades of airplanes, empty '75's, half-filled cartridge belts, and here and there raised mounds surmounted by rude white crosses, I gained a vivid picture of the tragedy of war.

While I was away, Colonel Van Schaick had received word from Cardinal Mercier that he was about to go into Easter retreat, but that he would postpone

this one day if I would lunch with him at Malines at one o'clock on Wednesday. On the strength of my promise to return to Brussels at noon, which would leave just time enough for me to cover the seventeen miles to Malines, the Colonel made the appointment, but he was obviously relieved when my car appeared just three minutes before the appointed time. The Cardinal's car was awaiting me, so, without stopping even to freshen up, I stepped from one car to the other, and we were on our way to Malines.

During the ride, the Cardinal's secretary, Père Rutten, was particularly solicitous to do something himself for my comfort or pleasure. I assured him that nothing would contribute more than an opportunity to remove my travel stains before I met the Cardinal. On our arrival he left me in the rotunda of the Palais du Cardinal, and presently I beheld an impressive procession moving in my direction. First came a chamberlain bearing a basin, behind him was a second chamberlain with a ewer of water, then followed a third and a fourth, one with a cake of soap and the other with a towel. Solemnly they formed a semicircle around me, and I performed my ablutions.

Such a degree of formality left me unprepared for the simplicity of the Cardinal's greeting. As the secretary led me up the grand staircase, I saw a tall, slight, erect figure, clad in a plain black robe, step from a



*Cardinal Mercier*





doorway at the top and descend the stairs to meet me. On his face was a welcoming smile, and his arms were extended with paternal cordiality. His eyes were his outstanding feature — radiating kindness, yet wonderfully penetrating. Together we entered his library, and, after a brief conversation, we passed out into the refectory.

I never met a man whose conversation was more delightfully natural and so essentially human. He seemed genuinely interested, anxious to be of service, eager to please. Our luncheon was simple, the discussions were frank and to the point, and the only formality observable was the great dignity of the servants as they performed their various functions. During the luncheon we talked of America, toward which country the Cardinal felt an abiding affection; of President Wilson's efforts in behalf of the League of Nations, which Mercier considered "wonderful in conception, but unfortunately impossible in execution"; of Herbert Hoover, whose work in Belgium had won such admiration and gratitude.

When back in the library, the Cardinal listened attentively and sympathetically as I outlined the mission which had taken me into Belgium, granting me cordial and invaluable coöperation. Then he, in turn, asked my advice concerning his heartfelt plans for rebuilding his beloved Louvain University through

American coöperation. From that point, his conversation became more intimate and personal.

"I think I must be part American," he said naïvely. "My mother's brother, Adrian Croquet, was in charge of the Grandronde Reservation in Oregon for nearly forty years. From him I learned much of America. My love for your country is deep and sincere."

He chatted of his life as professor of Philosophy in the Seminary of Malines, whence he was called to Louvain to teach the same subject. I had not known that when the Catholic University of America was established at Washington, Monsignor Keane did his utmost to persuade Pope Leo XIII to permit Professor Mercier to become a member of its Faculty. How the history of the World War would have been changed had that request been granted!

"It was an accident," the Cardinal told me, "my going into the Church. My father was an artist. While I was a boy I expected to be an artist like him. Perhaps not so good," he added modestly. "I will show you some of his work."

With deep reverence and great feeling he opened a portfolio, from which he drew various portraits, one by one.

"This is a self-portrait by my father," he explained, handing me the likeness of a handsome dreamer. "And here is a picture of my mother and

myself." The source of the Cardinal's force and energy was shown in this second painting, for the woman's face was strong, her forehead high, her eyes alert and assessing. The boy beside her was looking up into her face with nothing less than idolatrous affection.

"I was all legs and arms," he laughed self-consciously, pointing to his own youthful likeness. "I haven't quite grown up to them yet."

The position Mercier held as a master of philosophy before his elevation to the College of Cardinals explains those attributes of diplomacy and statesmanship which he displayed, seemingly beyond the power of a prelate, during the German invasion. The genius who won world-wide recognition through his development of the "Higher Institute of Philosophy," applied his great intellect and experience to human problems which he found infinitely more vital than the previous theoretical demonstration.

That afternoon with the Cardinal revealed to me his father's son — gentle, idealistic, simple in personal taste and manners. It was from his mother that he inherited the firmness and high courage with which he unflinchingly faced the threats hurled at him by the German invaders for his fearless devotion to his country and his countrymen. All that has now passed into history. His photograph, graciously autographed and given me as a souvenir of our first meeting, hangs

in my library. Whenever I look at it I realize anew the depth of my affection for this wonderful man, which even transcends my admiration for what he did.

I left Malines late that afternoon, and motored directly to Brand Whitlock's apartment in Brussels. I thought I knew Whitlock back in 1910, when he was a non-resident member of the Boston Authors' Club and I an officer, but I became acquainted with the real Brand Whitlock only during this visit. He had been Mayor of Toledo during those earlier days, saturated with politics, and striving to continue in operation the municipal reforms initiated by his predecessor, Mayor "Golden Rule" Jones.

But the urge for writing asserted itself even amid such unsympathetic surroundings. His "Thirteenth District," a political novel, competed with his official documents, and "Her Infinite Variety" and "The Happy Average" followed shortly after. They were not great stories. The author obviously wrote them at odd moments under pressure of diverging interests, and while they revealed his deep interest in social problems, they did little to give him a literary reputation.

I had followed Whitlock's political and literary career with more than passing interest. He inherited too many of the instincts of his maternal grandfather,

the fiery Joseph D. Brand, of Civil War days, to be popular in machine politics. While a political writer on the Chicago Herald in his early twenties, he allied himself on the side of good government. "Golden Rule" Jones appealed to his imagination, and he tied himself to the tail of the Jones kite. When Jones retired from the mayoralty, the tail switched to the front, and Whitlock suddenly found himself in the Toledo City Hall. For eight years he held his position as Mayor, and during this period he was conspicuous in his efforts on behalf of the underdog.

No one of his friends realized that Whitlock was being prepared for a great work. When he was appointed Minister to Belgium, which then seemed an unimportant post, we were a bit regretful to have him pass into a political eclipse, yet we hoped this might influence him to turn more seriously to his writing.

Then came the World War. Whitlock forgot diplomacy and turned humanitarian. He remained at his post in Brussels instead of accompanying the Belgian Government in seeking refuge at La Panne. His insistent advice that the Burgomaster of Brussels offer no resistance to the German invasion saved that city from destruction. His relief work among the Belgian people prevented wholesale starvation. His heroic though unsuccessful fight to save the life of Nurse Cavell made of him a beloved world figure.

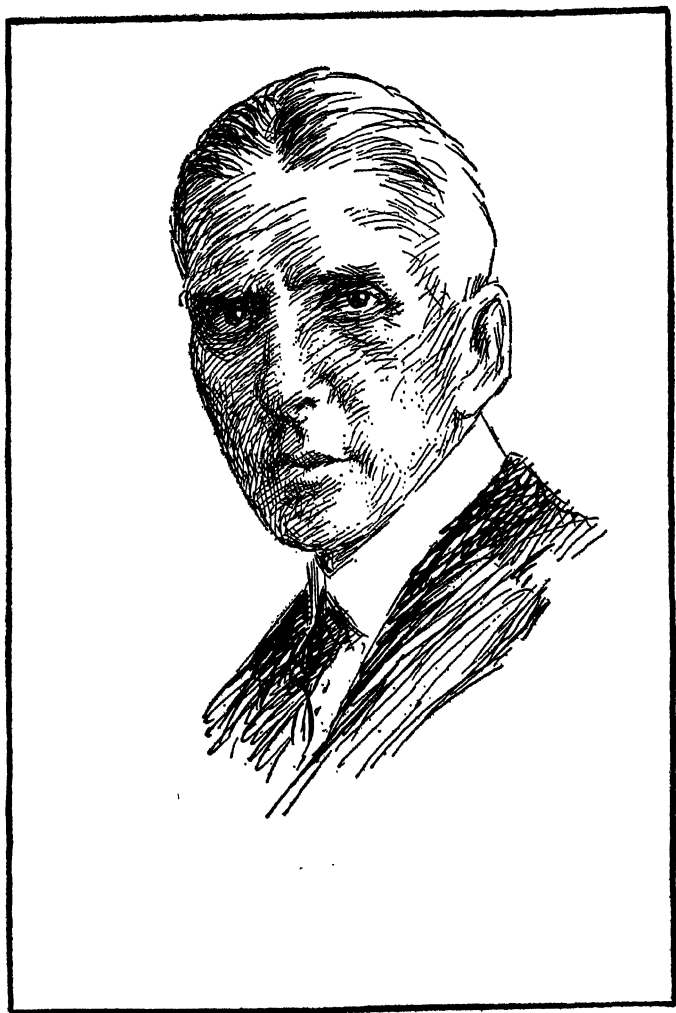
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Whitlock had arranged an audience for me with King Albert for the following day, which unhappily was prevented by the King's indisposition from a cold incurred while attending a conference at General Pershing's headquarters. In those hectic days no one could wait for even a King to recover! Thirty-six hours later I was back in Paris.

As I motored from Malines that day to visit Whitlock I could but wonder how it all had affected him. Six years had passed since I had seen him, and what years they had been! Our meeting gave me a shock and a thrill. In those six years Whitlock's hair had turned grey, his face was emaciated, his muscles contracted nervously — yet into that face had come a spirituality that recorded service and sacrifice far more dramatically than any written tribute.

He greeted me eagerly. He wanted to talk of America and of books — books. He was hungry for the kind of news that I could bring him. I had looked forward to hearing him talk of the War, of his experiences; but I had not the heart to deny him what he so earnestly craved. So I talked and he listened, asking eager questions from time to time, obviously



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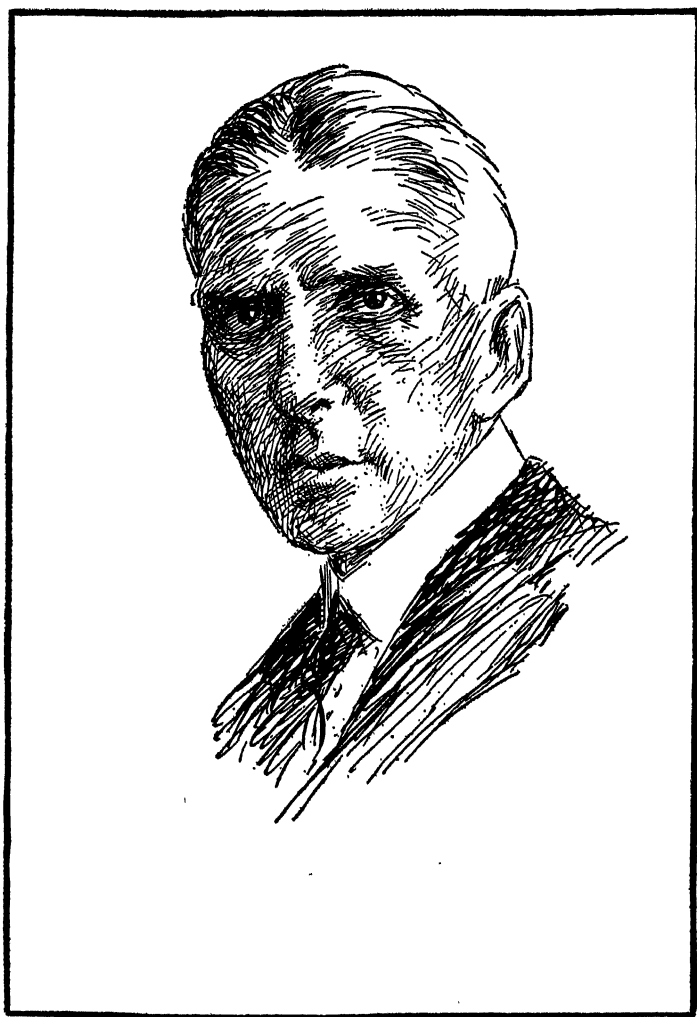
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*Brand Whitlock*



enjoying keenly this contact with the literary life from which he had so long been separated.

Later we had tea, with his charming wife presiding. Now the conversation naturally turned to Cardinal Mercier — of my visit with him, and of his wonderful work for humanity; then to Herbert Hoover's great humanitarian service in Belgium. This was the nearest we came to war-talk. Whitlock was as sensitive to any reference to his own experiences as a shell-shocked doughboy, and Mrs. Whitlock tenderly protected him. Then, abruptly, we were back talking books again.

"Have you time to do me a very great favor?" Whitlock asked unexpectedly. When I gladly assented, he continued: "Will you read over the manuscript of a novel I have just finished? I began to write it before the War broke; I have been working on it since, to keep my mind off — you understand."

When I left the Whitlocks I took the manuscript with me, and I read it that night. It was this manuscript that revealed to me the Brand Whitlock I had never known. As a human document, as a record of personal development, I never expect to see its equal, yet it contained nothing autobiographical.

It was not a war story, for the first half was written before the War, as Whitlock said. It was a story of life, a more ambitious attempt at character analysis than anything Whitlock had ever written. The first

half might have been a sequel to "Her Infinite Variety" — well enough done from a craftsman's standpoint, but lacking that spark which is the hallmark of literature. But the second part — written after Brand Whitlock had really *lived* — was so vibrant with human notes that it cast the earlier chapters into complete eclipse. The two halves could never be joined together. He sensed this when I pointed it out to him on returning the manuscript the next day at the railroad station, where he graciously came to say good-bye. He promised to rewrite the earlier chapters, but apparently could not do it. I hope that I am wrong, that the work was done, and that the novel may yet be published posthumously. If he ever succeeded in bringing that first half up to the high standard of the second, the completed book would stand as additional evidence of Brand Whitlock's versatility and greatness.

Failing that, I suggest that any friend of his read "Narcissus. A Belgian Legend of Van Dyke," published in 1931. Here he will find the new Brand Whitlock I came to know during that last visit. No one could believe that this story and "Her Infinite Variety" were written by the same person. Passing through the fire had left its mark, as evidenced by Whitlock's white hair and jangling nerves, but it also revealed to his soul something which had never before found expression.

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## VII · *Just Friends*

GEORGE W. CHADWICK ~ GEORGE HARVEY ~ LEON-  
ARD WOOD ~ HORACE FLETCHER

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**A**MONG my friends are many whom I consider great, yet the world has never placed upon them its hallmark of preëminence. There are some whose contribution to the life around them seems to me to have been no less conspicuous than that attributed to several included in these pages. In selecting from these friends and acquaintances those who wear the cherished mantle, I intend no invidious comparison; I but accept the world's judgment, in forming which circumstance has unquestionably played a major part. If our friends were all alike, there would be no need of having more than one. This friend gives us sympathy, that friend brings us inspiration. One gives us confidence in ourselves, another is the balance wheel which prevents us from losing our perspective. Each fills a separate and unique place in our lives, and I like to think that the measure of all that is worth while in our lifework is the sum total of these friendships.

When Philip Hale, the famous critic, described one of George W. Chadwick's musical compositions as



representing "a certain jaunty irreverence, a snapping of the fingers at Fate and the Universe," he also called attention to the leading personal characteristic of the composer himself. No one who did not know would ever have taken George Chadwick for a musical genius. Meeting him casually one would have looked upon him as a hard-headed Yankee with an unusually developed sense of humor. In the course of conversation one would find him familiar with and disputative on practically any subject that might be introduced, but all arguments would eventually end in a contagious chuckle. Music was the last subject he would bring up except with those he knew to be musicians or music lovers. Yet George Chadwick ranked as the dean among outstanding American musical composers.

The important thing about Chadwick's chuckle was the fact that it left one thinking. Whether you agreed with him or not, what he said remained with you. He was frankness personified. He loathed subterfuge in speech or action. A direct question always brought forth a direct answer — sometimes too direct for the peace of the interrogator. He was essentially modest in remaining silent regarding the quality of his work, but in his own mind he assessed the merit of his various compositions from an entirely impersonal standpoint. He expected others who produced creative work to be equally frank. One day I spoke



*George W. Chadwick*



disparagingly of something I had written. He instantly detected the defensive cloak of modesty. "If you really feel that way," he said quickly, "you ought to stop writing — but you don't believe a word you say."

In our personal relations, covering over thirty years, I found him intensely interested in literary technique. To my surprise, he looked upon writing, as a form of expression, as something as incomprehensible as musical composition had always seemed to me.

"It seems uncanny," I once told him, "to see you reach up into the vacant air, and draw down a musical idea to be expressed in intangible tones, then join these tones together as fly-specks on a virgin sheet of paper in such a way as to produce a composite whole that gratifies the sense of hearing."

"Intangible?" he corrected me, with genuine surprise in his voice — "why, there's nothing intangible about a musical tone. It is every bit as definite as a written word, and much more flexible. What *I* don't understand is how you writer people get by without tripping yourselves up on your words."

When he saw how serious I was, he continued: "If you think about it at all, you'll recognize that sound is a much more universal medium of expressing emotion than language. A baby gives its mother a pretty definite notion of what it means long before

it can talk. Animals can't talk, but they use sound to great effect. Why, music as a form of expression came long before words and sentences, just as the brilliant colors of the flowers came before painting."

This was a language I could understand. Of course I knew that the word "music," derived as it is from the Greek *Μοῦσαι*, meaning the Nine Muses, was an all-embracing word that included every branch of education, presided over by these estimable ladies, which is concerned with the development of the mind as opposed to the body. Thus reading and writing would technically classify under the word "music." I admitted all this as a fact, but from a practical standpoint I had not comprehended *how* the arts of writing words and writing music were inter-related. Chadwick's statement was revealing — each writer records sound in a different medium. One conveys the emotional message in words, the other in musical signs.

Chadwick's family were all musical in an avocational way, and his earliest teacher was his elder brother, Fitz Henry. None of them, however, felt the spell of music as did the younger son. "Chad," as his friends affectionately called him, often joked about what a "disappointment" he was to his father. "Just another case of the modern generation," he explained in talking one day about his youth. "The old man never had any idea except that I would join him

in the insurance business. I worked in his office until I was twenty, studying on the side and playing the organ in church. He strangled a bit when I accepted a position as teacher of music in Olivet College, in Michigan; but when I announced a year later that I was going abroad to study music in Germany, there was real trouble. Music as a pastime appealed to him, but not music as a profession. But I had saved the money from my own earnings, and I went."

It would have taken more than even "Chad" could do to make a musician out of me, yet he unconsciously reopened for me the door through which I could behold the beauties in the realm of music that, years before, I had rebelliously slammed in the face of a childhood tutor, whose tyranny had made me antagonistic to all musical expression. Years and experience had tempered my aversion, but the language of music still remained a foreign tongue. Through my association with George Chadwick, in his library or mine in Boston, or on the tennis court at West Chop, Martha's Vineyard, my interest in his work, and my respect for him as a friend, inevitably gave me the same interest and respect for the art he so nobly interpreted.

I wonder if the fact that after hearing Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" or his "Claire de Lune" I always feel a definite inspiration to write, means that (without my realization, but making use of his own

medium which was not "cluttered up with words") "Chad" taught me the interrelation of the two arts?

He certainly taught me that in music, as in writing, a composer can give out no more than lies within himself. A great composer must be a man of true culture. The measure of his artistic mastery lies in his success in keeping his humanity in touch with reality. Chadwick's music appeals to me not alone because of my affection for the composer himself, but because it so clearly conveys the mood under which he wrote it, and suggests happy reminiscences. Beyond that, there is always to be found in his compositions, whether a major work, a song, or a ballad, the youth which remained eternally in his soul.

George Harvey was one of the most-extraordinary geniuses I have had the pleasure of numbering among my intimate friends. Nothing he ever did could be measured by the usual standards of everyday living. He was a mixture of paradoxes. Perhaps his personal appearance might be taken as an index: he was tall and slight, with an unusually mobile face. His eyes were piercing, yet always concealed by heavy horn spectacles that seemed twice too big. His nose and mouth were large, and when speaking, his lips were unusually active. I have seen that face assume a dignity that befitted a bishop; I have seen it absolutely suggestive of a clown. Yet behind these paradoxes

lay an unusually active and powerful intellect, a heart of gold, and an unswerving loyalty to friends.

There was never any halfway with those who knew George Harvey: one admired him extravagantly or he did not like him at all. Being included among the "Harper authors," I held a standing invitation to be a guest at luncheon at the Harper Round Table, at Delmonico's, whenever I happened to be in New York — a privilege I frequently exercised. Here I had ample opportunity not only to become acquainted with famous men in various walks of life — some far removed from literature — but to see George Harvey play his favorite but not always gracious rôle as host.

He loved to bait his guests — to goad them into making some remark that would offer him the opportunity to score upon them by the use of his uncanny wit and satire. The more prominent the victim, the greater the incentive. I have seen great authors, financiers, and captains of industry squirm under his merciless raillery even while they were sitting at his table; yet to him it was all part of a fascinating game.

I remember being present at a luncheon Harvey once gave to a number of celebrities at Sherry's. In leading the guests to the table he offered his arm to Alice Roosevelt. She drew back for a moment, then said impetuously,

"Colonel Harvey, after all the unkind things you



have said about my father in Harper's Weekly, I don't think I should have come here at all."

"My dear young lady," the Colonel replied, bowing low, "if you restrict your associates to those who have never said unkind things about your father, I very much fear that you will have to walk alone for the rest of your life."

One day we were talking of Theodore Roosevelt. Suddenly Harvey inquired, with seeming irrelevance, "Did you ever read those lines of Prior,

"*Let him be kept from paper, pen, and ink,  
So may he cease to write and learn to think?*"

Seeing my look of inquiry, he continued, "Teddy always reminds me of them. Old Prior had the right idea: There ought to be a law requiring every man who writes or makes public speeches to spend one month of every year in solitary confinement—no books, no conversation, no writing materials, just nothing to do but think."

Harvey assumed control of the House of Harper when that historic institution had fallen into unhappy days, acting as the elder Morgan's personal representative. His methods were revolutionary. Instead of curtailing expenses he increased them. Lucullan banquets were given in the name of Harper in honor of Mark Twain, of William Dean Howells, of Henry M. Alden, at all of which I was happily a guest. The



*George Harvey*



Harper Round Table at Delmonico's became famous the world over as a meeting place of interesting people. Harvey restored the lure of the name of Harper, and placed the business itself upon a profitable basis.

In doing all this, he treated himself as the prince royal of a great dynasty. Friends joked him when he engaged for his personal use elaborate suites at hotels and sumptuous quarters on ocean liners.

"Don't criticize me," I once heard him say rather petulantly to one of these friends. "The name of Harper must always be associated with the best. If I receive the benefit, what of it? My youth was so pitifully unhappy that now I feel entitled to take revenge on my past."

His audacity succeeded. The House of Harper came back into its own. Harper's Weekly, which had been nearly defunct, assumed political power under the editorship of the American Warwick who was largely responsible for the nomination and election of two Presidents of the United States — and as candidates of opposing political faiths.

I happened to be thrown a good deal with Harvey during that period when he was playing a leading rôle in the "discovery" and promotion of Woodrow Wilson — from head of Princeton University to the governorship of New Jersey and eventually to the White House. I was with Harvey the day after Wil-

son so cavalierly dismissed him as pilot; I read with my own eyes what Harvey called "the Judas note"; and heard from him in fullest detail the unedifying story which Wilson's admirers have been only too eager to forget. This was the unhappiest blow the Colonel ever received. He staggered from it. At this point in his career he became more caustic in his attitude toward life, and richly earned his sobriquet of "the stormy petrel of American politics."

Harvey's appointment as Ambassador to the Court of St. James was, of course, a direct reward for his services in behalf of President Harding. Naturally the selection was bitterly criticized — and properly so. Among the many splendid attributes George Harvey possessed, diplomacy was distinctly lacking. The word "tact" was never included in his vocabulary. Yet it should be remembered that he served his country in Great Britain at a time when bluntness and frankness, although not usually associated with a diplomat, proved assets rather than liabilities; when to call a spade a spade cut through miles of red tape; when a good laugh, even at the expense of dignity, was of value in a world which had almost forgotten how to smile. Harvey's ambassadorship is full of vital diplomatic accomplishment from a world political standpoint, although there is no question that the American Embassy lost social prestige during his incumbency.

During the long years of our friendship, besides seeing him frequently in New York, we exchanged visits; and I have never decided whether the pleasure that came to me from being a guest at his home at Deal, New Jersey, or the experience of being his host in Boston, gave me the greater satisfaction. These were times when, away from the office atmosphere, we played together.

One day Harvey handed me an autographed copy of his latest book, "Concerning Women," which had just come off press. In it he had written below my name the words, "Who knows all about them." When I read it I could not repress a smile. In explanation of my amusement I told him that his inscription reminded me of an experience with my son, when, at twelve years of age, the youngster escorted a popular belle of ten years to a children's party at a nearby summer hotel. On the boy's return home that evening he was in exceedingly bad humor, and went directly and silently to bed. Next morning, at breakfast, he became more communicative. The cause of his discomfiture was then disclosed. It seemed that, after accepting not only his escort but two chocolate sundaes, the fickle young woman had allowed a rival swain to take her home. In response to our efforts to cheer him up, my son became philosophical.

"Well, anyhow," he remarked, "I suppose it *is* worth thirty cents to learn women."

While Harvey was engaged in writing the biography of Henry Frick, he came more frequently to Boston. After a visit at the Frick mansion at Manchester, Massachusetts, he spent an evening with me before taking the midnight train for New York. The conversation naturally turned on his experiences with his recent host. I was soon aware that something out of the ordinary had happened to cause him unusual amusement. Knowing Harvey, I simply waited — he was sure to tell about it in his own time.

“Would you be interested to hear the story of the Croesus, the Diplomat, and the Lady?” he inquired, eventually, in seeming innocence.

I nodded my head, and awaited expectantly.

“Well,” he drawled, “from my standpoint, it isn’t such a good story after all, but for the good of my soul I’m going to tell it. Once upon a time there was a Croesus who built a marvelous palace at Manchester-by-the-Sea. The original plans called for an outdoor, sea-water swimming pool, but Croesus blue-penciled that, saying that he never took his bath in public. Then, after everything was finished, Croesus changed his mind. By that time the last available piece of shore land had been taken up, and he couldn’t get his pipes into the ocean. The more he couldn’t, the more he wanted to.

“The most available bit of shore property was owned by Miss X, who becomes the Lady in my

story. Croesus made her a fair offer for it, which was promptly refused. Then Croesus doubled his offer, which was again refused. Now enters the Diplomat, who happened to be the guest of Croesus at that time. With rare confidence, born of certain successes in the Court of St. James, the Diplomat ventured to suggest himself as ambassador from one hostile force to the other.

"The Diplomat approaches the Lady in his best ambassadorial form. He agrees with the Lady that she ought not to sell her shore land. He admits that Croesus had been guilty of *gaucherie* when he suggested any commercial transaction between them. Ah, well! rich men were like that. But the fact remained that Croesus did want that land.

" 'Now,' suggests the Diplomat, with his most ingratiating smile, 'let us put aside all such sordid ideas as barter and sale. There must be something the Lady still feels she lacks in life. Why not *present* Croesus with the land, and thus give him the opportunity to reciprocate by giving *her* that particular thing — in fact, anything she craves? '

"The Lady listens politely while the Diplomat presents his case. Then she pierces him with her eye, and replies coldly:

" 'Return to your master Croesus, O Diplomat. Say to him that the only things in my life which I crave and lack are twins — and he cannot give them to me.' "



"If thou wouldst know a man," says the philosopher, "study him at his leisure." I had ample opportunity for doing this with George Harvey, and throughout all these intimate experiences has come a profound personal conviction that when individual animosities, engendered by fear and hatred, have died out, and facts are recognized as facts, historians will consider George Harvey as one of the outstanding figures of his period.

Leonard Wood will always remain in my mind as one of the tragic figures in American history. The incapacity of the public to recognize in his constructive efforts to prevent war through preparedness anything except a desire to involve the United States in the European conflict; the official difficulties deliberately put in his way while he was successfully carrying through his Plattsburg vision; the slight placed upon him by President Wilson in keeping him at home after America entered the World War; the disappointments in his domestic circle; and, finally, the deadlock at Chicago which prevented him from becoming the Republican nominee for President of the United States — all combined to throw into shadow one of the most constructive and spectacular careers American history can record.

My acquaintance with General Wood began in 1903, before the shadow began to fall. Our friendship



*Leonard Wood*



ripened during a two weeks' voyage on the S.S. Commonwealth, when, with his official staff, he made his historic trip to inspect and study various forms of colonial government just before he assumed his position as Governor-General of the Philippines. At that time Leonard Wood was forty-three years old — in the prime of his physical and mental development, with his wagon hitched to a star which shone with dazzling brilliancy.

On board ship we took our constitutional together on the upper deck each morning, and Wood talked freely of himself, his work, and his visions. Of the visions, he it said that they were never personal. His faith in America's future was inspiring. He spoke of events of the past and to come as one who was an inevitable part of them. At that time, without undue self-appreciation or humility, he unquestionably looked upon himself as a man of destiny, and was fired by the possibilities he saw ahead to serve his country.

During one of these morning experiences on board ship the conversation turned upon Theodore Roosevelt. The intimate friendship which existed between the two men enabled Wood to throw revealing sidelights upon that extraordinary personality. Suddenly the General paused in the middle of a sentence:

"I have a human document in my cabin," he said abruptly, "which you might like to see."

Without waiting for my response he disappeared, and presently returned with a letter in his hand.

"Read it," he said, passing the letter to me. "It is so important that I always carry it with me."

The missive was from Theodore Roosevelt, written immediately after his nomination for Vice-President of the United States in 1900. It was dated from Albany, and read substantially as follows:

*"Dear Leonard:* By the time you receive this you will have learned from the daily press that I have been forced to take the veil. Good-by to all my ambitions! Four years of total eclipse, and then nothing remains but to become a professor of history in some third-rate university, or return to the practice of law, which I despise. Sorrowfully, T. R."

When I looked up after reading this historic document, Wood was smiling. "He has proved himself greater in action than in prophecy, has he not?" was his comment.

Some months after General Wood became installed as Governor-General, he invited Horace Fletcher<sup>1</sup> and me to be his guests in the Philippines. Unfortunately, business responsibilities made my acceptance impossible, but Fletcher went. Realizing my disappointment, both Wood and Fletcher were generous in their correspondence, and from their letters I learned more than any biographer has yet disclosed

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<sup>1</sup> See page 279.

of the Governor-General's services for the islands beyond his political administration. They told also of trips, sometimes of three weeks' duration, on board the converted coast-guard vessel Mindanao, when Wood personally conducted experts from the Bureau of Science in collecting birds, mammals, plants, and insects, exploring the entire group of islands, and studying the unusual flora, thus securing data of untold scientific value.

"I have just been down to Marinduque," Wood writes (December 10, 1906), "and also over to Mindoro, to pick up Major Mearns and party. They have had a most strenuous trip, but on the whole a most successful one. They found the mountain to be over 9000 feet high, very difficult of ascent at first, but now that the trail is known, anticipate no serious difficulty for future travelers, although there are a number of rapid streams which have to be crossed. In one place they made use of a native *bejuco* bridge (*bejuco*, you know, is rattan), with a clear swing of some seventy-five feet from side to side, the whole supported by seven strands of *bejuco*; a rather remarkable piece of bridge work.

"Major Mearns discovered some sixteen animals which he thinks are entirely new to science, and also some twenty-three birds which are new to his collection; whether they are new to the entire Philippines collection he is not yet prepared to say. Doctor

Merrill gathered something like eight hundred specimens, of which he thinks twenty-five per cent are entirely new. So you see they are very keenly enthusiastic over the results of their trip."

The letters from Fletcher recorded the Governor's uncanny skill in handling small boats in the tricky surf, which breaks mountain-high on the Mindanao coast, and of landings which won the undisguised admiration of even the native sailors. Between the lines I found echoes of the continuing political intrigues seeking to discredit Wood's constructive work, which culminated in his vindication.

One particular letter told of an official visit made by Governor-General Wood to the Sultan of Sulu, then the ruler of an insular kingdom of 500,000 warlike Mohammedans, in which Horace Fletcher played an unexpectedly important rôle. As he accompanied the party wholly as an unofficial guest, Fletcher dressed himself in keeping with the tropical weather, in striking contrast with the less comfortable, formal uniforms worn by the army officials. On arrival, the Sultan, himself somewhat scantily clothed, assumed that the one member of the suite in different garb must be its chief; so, passing by General Wood, he cordially welcomed Fletcher, and led him to the seat of honor beside him. It was characteristic both of Wood and Fletcher that neither one should have attempted to correct the mistaken identity. I am in-

clined to believe that the official files of the War Department at Washington fail to record the interesting fact that the accepted representative of the United States, on that historic occasion, deeply impressed the native subjects of the friendly Sultan by the gorgeousness of his green and yellow striped silk pajamas, combined with the simplicity of his white canvas sneakers and cork helmet!

As I look back upon Leonard Wood, my regret is that he chose to make his record in army life. Those same characteristics, applied to any other calling, beyond the reach of army red tape and the personality of politics, would have brought results — perhaps no greater, but at least free from those unhappy shadows that tempered the fullness of gratification he and his friends were entitled to enjoy from his constructive accomplishments.

In 1911 Leonard Wood wrote me: "I look back to our trip on the old Commonwealth with the greatest pleasure. Of all the journeys I have made in the world — and there have been a good many — not one has resulted in more lasting friendships than the one mentioned."

One of these friendships, to which General Wood refers, was that he formed with Horace Fletcher, one phase of which has just been recorded, and it was on this same voyage that my long intimacy with the "chew-chew man" began.



Curiously enough, just before leaving Boston, I had read with much interest a book called "Menticulture," which was having its run at that time. Frankly, I have always felt a bit cloyed after reading various volumes, from Coué down, which point out that the less you have the more you have, and that when you are wretched you are happy without knowing it. But here was a book which simply radiated optimism and happiness, without the usual preachments. The author wrote about his own experiences with what seemed simply the joy of telling it, and without any apparent attempt to make the reader go and do likewise. Now I found myself on the same ship with this engaging personality, and to my surprise he proved to be the living embodiment of all that I had read in his books.

It *was* a merry party on the Commonwealth, although one incident occurred which might have made it otherwise. At Gibraltar several military gentlemen boarded the ship, and the chief steward thought himself tactful in assigning them to our table in the dining saloon. Besides General Wood, our party included General Hugh Lennox Scott, Surgeon-General Robert M. O'Reilly, and Captain William McCoy, so perhaps the chief steward was justified. But it so happened that the newcomers were General "Hell-roaring" Jake Smith and staff, whose billets General Wood and his party were on their way to as-

sume! General Smith had been made the scapegoat of the "water cure" scandal in the Philippines, and summarily withdrawn from the governorship. At first the situation was tense, but General Wood's natural diplomacy made a distinct asset out of what had promised to be an embarrassing situation.

As our augmented party took coffee and liqueurs in the smoke room each evening after dinner, we listened to many interesting revelations concerning American history in Cuba and the Philippines. To all this, Horace Fletcher added much from his own experiences in globe trotting, and he was really the inciting influence to the life of the whole party.

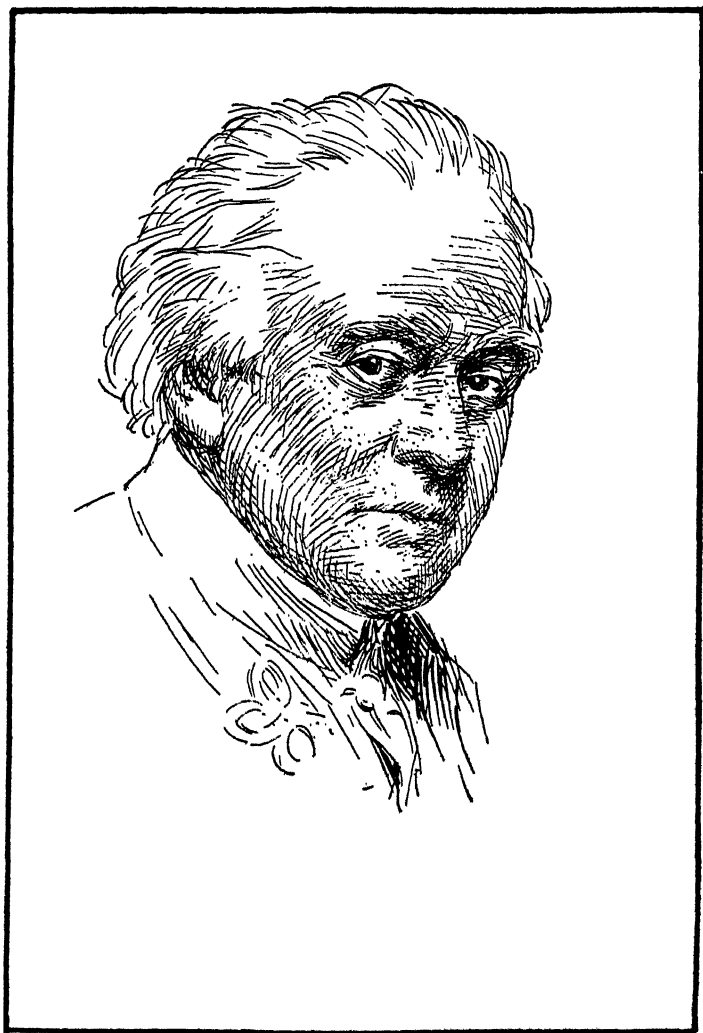
To the present generation the name of Horace Fletcher means nothing, yet during the 1900's he was front page news. The word *fletcherize* has gone into the dictionaries, and to him belongs the credit for making light breakfasts universal, and for the fact that a fourteen-course dinner would now be ridiculous. Yet when Fletcher started on his campaign of dietetic reform, he was the butt of all jokes, and was declared a fakir by registered physicians who enjoyed treating patients indefinitely for chronic indigestion. All this was grist to the mill for Fletcher. What he needed to accomplish his reform was publicity, and he was getting it. When scoffers mocked him, he retaliated by asking them goodnaturedly if they would be willing to employ as chauffeur a man who knew

as little of the mechanics of his engine as they knew of the mechanics of their own human engines.

"And which knowledge," he would demand, "is the more important to your happiness?"

This word *happiness* was the philosophic keynote of his whole campaign; dietetics was simply a stepping stone. He himself was a living exponent of happiness and optimism. He believed that absolute health is the basis of human happiness and advancement, that health depends upon an intelligent treatment of food in the mouth, and upon knowledge how best to furnish the fuel that is required to run the human engine. He believed that worry, that arch enemy to happiness, is induced largely by ill health, and that if Nature is supplemented through intelligent coöperation, a large proportion of ill health is entirely eliminated. Where Fletcher's theories differed from others lay in the philosophy behind them. Thorough mastication was only a spoke in the wheel — or, more properly perhaps, the hub into which he fitted the spokes. His scheme was nothing less than a cultivation and demonstration of progressive efficiency.

While the layman laughed and the professional dietitian scoffed, scientists gradually gave Fletcher their unqualified support. Sir Thomas Barlow, physician-in-chief to King Edward VII, introduced the Fletcher reform in Royal circles by persuading the King to reduce formal dinners from three hours to



*Horace Fletcher*



an hour and a half. Sir Michael Foster, endorsed by six of the leading physiologists of Continental Europe, and Professors Henry Bowditch, Russell H. Chittenden, and William H. Welch, of America, declared, regarding Fletcher's aims and claims, that "the scientific and social importance of the question is clearly immense." William James referred to him in the public print as "one of the most original and sympathetic personalities whom Massachusetts in our day has produced. His subject is of fundamental importance both to the individual and to the State. His teaching and example have been of vital benefit to certain persons whom I know."

In this last sentence William James referred to his brother. I have before me a letter from Henry James (February, 1909), in which he writes, "It is impossible, save in a long talk, to make you understand how the blessed fletcherism — so extra blessed — lulled me, charmed me, beguiled me from the first. . . . One must have been through what it relieved me from to know how not suffering from one's food all the while, after having suffered all one's life, and at last having it cease and vanish —"

And when I had earlier visited Henry James at Lamb House,<sup>2</sup> he had said to me, "Horace Fletcher saved my life, and, what is more, he improved my dis-

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<sup>2</sup> See page 219.

position. By rights he should receive all my future royalties—but I doubt if he does! ”

William James refers to Fletcher as an “ original personality.” Sharing, as I did, Fletcher’s closest confidences during all those years, being his guest in his beautiful Venetian home, the Palazzo Saibante, on the Grand Canal; welcoming him always in my home in Boston, I can bear witness to the absolute accuracy of that description. Fletcher was the most original personality I have ever known. He was casual to an extreme, moving and acting upon sudden impulses, yet he always seemed to secure what he wanted.

“ Keep moving about,” he advised me one day, “ and thus give things a chance to happen to you. Hitch your wagon to a star — ” then he shook his finger to emphasize his injunction — “ but always keep your grip packed, ready to change stars on a moment’s notice.”

When some one remarked on the long absences from his family in Venice, caused by his crusading work, he replied, “ My family and I have eliminated the necessity of personal propinquity.”

One day, while motoring, we had a puncture. While I struggled with the replacement of the tire, Fletcher sat calmly by the roadside, cheering on the work.

“ I never learned how to put on a tire,” he remarked, in a tone that invited commendation. When

this failed to provoke even an impatient response, he continued, with a smile which disarmed resentment: "If you don't want to do a thing very badly, do it very badly."

I have closed these reminiscences with Horace Fletcher because it was through him that I gained the keen appreciation of the importance of appreciation.

"No one," he used to say to me, "possesses anything that you lack except perhaps the non-essential title to something you crave. A friend owns a beautiful estate, but you are privileged to share it with him without the responsibility of keeping it up. And if you haven't any friend with a beautiful estate, there are public parks which are just as beautiful. Put aside envy of title, and the whole world, and everything in it, is yours."

The "celebrities" I have discussed in these pages have introduced me, in their infinite variety, to phases and viewpoints of life I could never otherwise have gained. Horace Fletcher, during these same years, prepared me, by the inevitable assimilation of his philosophy, to receive these viewpoints with appreciation and without "envy of title." Through this appreciation, my contacts have yielded me their maximum in contributing to the richness of life.



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